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The Government and Reform.  
The Mysore Reversion.  
Mr. Disraeli's Fancy Franchises.  
The North German Confederation.  
Whalley in Excelsis.  
The Law's Delay.  
The Bees in the Glass Hive.  
Dr. Stark on Celibacy.  
The Soldier's Knapsack.

Turveydrops in Literature.  
Fashionable Scepticism.  
NOTES OF THE WEEK.  
OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.  
FINE ARTS:—  
The General Exhibition of Water-  
Colour Drawings.  
Music.  
The London Theatres.

SCIENCE.  
MONEY AND COMMERCE:—  
The Money Market.  
REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—  
William the Fourth and Earl Grey.  
A Highland Parish.  
The Open Polar Sea.  
Literature and its Professors.

New Novels.  
Swedenborg.  
Reasoning Power in Animals.  
The Hebrew Books in the British  
Museum.  
Short Notices.  
Literary Gossip.  
List of New Publications for the Week.

## THE GOVERNMENT AND REFORM.

IN withdrawing the Government resolutions on Tuesday evening, Mr. Disraeli assured the House of Commons that the Government were more and more convinced every day of the propriety of the course they have taken in reference to the Reform question. It is impossible to deny, or even to doubt, a statement so solemnly made upon so important an occasion. But it is certainly open to us to observe, that her Majesty's Ministers must have very peculiar tastes and very exceptional views both of that which conduces to the dignity, and that which constitutes the success of a Government. There are people who like, or profess to like, humiliation; and if Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues regard their tenure of office as an opportunity for practising the Christian virtue of submission—while carefully avoiding the exercise of resignation—we are ready to admit that they have every reason to be satisfied with the results of their policy. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find another instance in which a Government has blundered more palpably, has been covered with more patent confusion, or has kissed more meekly the rod with which it has been disciplined. Let us retrace in the briefest manner the steps by which they have arrived at their present position. Last Monday fortnight the Chancellor of the Exchequer came down to the House and delivered a carefully-studied address, directed, in so far as it was not mere general dissertation, to the establishment of two points—first, that the only practicable way of legislating on the Reform question was by resolution; and secondly, that under no circumstances ought the Government to make their retention of office dependent upon failure or success in carrying out their plans. On the following morning the resolutions appeared, and it is not too much to say that they were received on all sides with unanimous disapproval. Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, who agree on nothing else, were perfectly at one upon this—that of those which related to the really critical parts of the subject some were so vague as to be useless, some were so absurd as to be unworthy of consideration, and that none of them afforded anything like a basis for legislation. On Monday evening Mr. Disraeli made his second appearance, and under the pretence of explaining, he passed the most emphatic sentence of condemnation upon his own previous propositions. For those which were originally recommended as embodying principles in their most abstract form, he substituted concrete propositions, fixing the borough and county franchises at definite figures. He surrendered others, either tacitly or explicitly. He consented to divide into two or more Bills the measure which he originally sought to have passed as a comprehensive whole. Finally, he made several propositions of which no one had heard a word previously, and of which the resolutions did not contain the remotest hint. By the time he sat down the resolutions had been reduced to waste paper, and the House had received in exchange the heads of a Bill which was not in existence. But although it was perfectly clear, as Mr. Lowe observed, that the resolutions had no more to do with the Bill than the principles which Squire Thornhill required Mrs. Primrose to grant before proceeding to discussion, Mr. Disraeli adhered, or pretended to adhere, firmly to the course of procedure he had laid down. Mr. Walpole subsequently argued in his most forcibly feeble style that to withdraw the resolutions

would be the greatest possible mistake the Government could commit. But while insisting upon one of his leader's cardinal points, the right hon. gentleman was obliged to abandon the other. He assured the House that the Government really had some opinions of their own, and that there were vital parts of their scheme to which they would adhere even at the risk of losing office. If, however, the Home Secretary did, the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not, fail to perceive that the House was pervaded with a sentiment of just indignation at being placed on a sort of legislative treadmill, and condemned to grind air, for the satisfaction of the Government. The Conservatives sat sullen and silent during the brilliant and slashing onslaught of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright; and although Mr. Gladstone was obliged to use the guarded language and bearing of a leader who has not yet come to an understanding with his followers, his speech foreshadowed with tolerable clearness the resolution which the Liberal party adopted on the following day. On that day, as we all know, Mr. Disraeli came down to the House, withdrew the string of propositions which he had introduced with so much pomp only a fortnight before, and accepted, on behalf of the Government, that responsibility which they had done their best to shirk. To ordinary observers the only results of the strategy, so far as the general public are concerned, are that three weeks have been lost, that the legitimate authority of the Executive Government has been lowered, and that the country has been annoyed, irritated, and disgusted by something very like elaborate trifling with the most important subject of the day. Still Mr. Disraeli is satisfied; and it is just possible that his satisfaction may not be entirely groundless. It is notorious that some of his colleagues and a large portion of his party are by no means eager Reformers. Although it has always been the fate of the Conservative party, when in office, to pass the measures which they have resisted in Opposition, we can readily conceive that the inevitable operation is far from agreeable, especially to those who have nothing to gain by it. The delay which has been interposed by the ventilation of these otherwise futile resolutions has perhaps afforded the Cabinet an opportunity of making up its collective mind, and has enabled the general body of the party to contemplate with decent composure the unpleasant work which lies before them. But although we are not prepared to say that Mr. Disraeli may be without excuse as a party tactician, we cannot accept the necessities of a Cabinet which clings to office at any price as a justification of conduct essentially unworthy of statesmen. It is true that the right hon. gentleman pretends that by the course he has taken he has prevented a factious opposition to the measure which he is about to introduce. But nothing can be more unfounded than such an assertion. If the Opposition had desired to repeat the policy of 1859, it is not one or thirteen resolutions which would have stood in their way. If their object had been to get rid of a Conservative Government, nothing could have been easier than to have couched a refusal to entertain the resolutions in such language as would have amounted to a vote of want of confidence. Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues have been saved from the fate which they richly deserved by the patriotic forbearance of the great body of the Liberal party, who are rightly determined not to let slip the slightest chance of passing during the present session a measure of Reform which may be satisfactory to the country. That forbearance would have been



extended to them in as full a measure if they had introduced their Bill a fortnight ago, and it is therefore idle to attempt to cloak the failure of a piece of political mystification—or it may be the success of a mere party movement—by imputing to the Opposition ideas which they do not entertain, and by claiming credit for the defeat of schemes which never existed.

However, the resolutions are now dead and done with. Nothing remains of them but the discredit which they have entailed upon the Government; and what we have at present to deal with is the Bill which we are promised next Thursday. Although it is perfectly true that Mr. Disraeli described its provisions in great detail, and with very tolerable clearness in his last speech, it would be idle to enter into any very minute discussion of them for this obvious reason—that having changed their mind so often, the Government are very likely to change it again. After what has occurred with reference to the resolutions, it is impossible to treat anything short of the Bill itself as a proposition of a tangible, substantial, and binding character. We have not the slightest assurance that Mr. Disraeli's speech is more than a speech, and that it has any more real application to the Bill which it announced, than it had to the resolutions which it professed to explain. We hope that this may to some extent be the case. We shall be glad if the process of growth and development brings the Conservatives, within the next few days, nearer to the Liberal standard. It is quite clear that the Government are as yet far from a measure which the country will, or which the majority of the House ought to accept. We have discussed in another article the fancy franchises to which Mr. Disraeli clings with so much pertinacity; and we shall therefore say no more about them here than that it will be impossible to assent to such a lateral extension of the franchise amongst the middle classes, or those who are entirely under the influence of the middle classes, without a much larger vertical extension of the franchise downwards than will be effected by the reduction of the borough and county occupation suffrages to £6 and £20 (rating) respectively. Indeed, if there were no fancy franchises to complicate the matter, these figures would be entirely unsatisfactory. The present House of Commons affirmed last year that the county franchise should not be higher than £14 rental; and although they came to no vote on the borough franchise, it is quite certain that no suffrage less extensive than that proposed by the late Government can or ought to have any chance of acceptance. If we are to have rating as the basis, the Government must accept a £5 franchise for the boroughs and a £10, or at most a £12, franchise for the counties. They must also bring forward, or take from the other side, a liberal lodger franchise. Then with respect to the part of their Bill which relates to the redistribution of seats, it is obvious that its scope must be greatly extended, and its provisions materially altered, before it can be regarded as even a tolerable approach to a settlement of this part of the question. Although we do not desire to destroy the representation of small boroughs where there is any real independence about them, no useful purpose is served by the retention of a considerable number which are, like Calne, notoriously at the disposal of some great landlord. The time has come for eradicating the pure nomination borough from our system, and no scheme of redistribution which fails to do this is worth entertaining. The claims of Scotland to an increase in her representation are so strong that they cannot in justice be overlooked, as they are in the Ministerial scheme. Nor is it reasonable that our largest manufacturing and commercial towns should be permanently restricted to two members, in order that a number of little places with populations just over 7,000 should retain the same number of representatives as Manchester, Leeds, or Liverpool, with their 300,000 or 400,000 inhabitants. The attention of the Opposition must be earnestly addressed to these and many other points; and their views must prevail if the Government are to press the Bill. But if the Government are docile and obedient; if they are ready to register the decisions of the Liberal party, on condition that they are allowed to retain office, we believe that there will be considerable advantage in allowing them to proceed on this footing. When their own party are in power, the Tories will swallow all sorts of things at which their gorge rises when they are in Opposition. The House of Lords will look much more favourably at a Bill introduced by the Earl of Derby, than at one for which Earl Russell stands sponsor. The process of legislation is immensely facilitated when those who are usually obstructives can be induced—no matter how—to stand aside, or even to assist our progress. If, therefore, a good and substantial measure can be framed in committee out of the Bill which Mr. Disraeli is about to introduce, we are strongly of opinion that it will be advisable to allow the second reading to pass without opposition.

It is, indeed, said that a Conservative Government is incapable of dealing honestly with the question of Parliamentary Reform; and we are far from disputing that proposition. But if the Liberals act together they can compel them to be honest; or, at any rate, to choose between resignation and the acceptance of a measure which is honest. If, when the Bill is laid on the table, it should be so incurably bad that no process of amendment can cure it, the sooner it is thrown out the better. But such a step would entail the loss of another year, and that would be a great misfortune. We want a real and substantial measure of Reform; but we do not want one produced and dictated by an overpowering agitation. For these reasons, we trust that no party feeling will be allowed to interfere with the course which may on deliberate consideration appear most likely to give us what we want during the present session of Parliament. Nor do we see any reason for apprehension. There is no inclination on the part of the Opposition to repeat the policy of 1859, the practical result of which has been the postponement of a Reform Bill from that year to the present time. Although the voice of Mr. Bright is, as usual, for immediate war, Mr. Gladstone is evidently indisposed to throw away any chances, which a firm and resolute, but at the same time a pacific and conciliatory, line of action may offer. For our own part, we have always opposed the absurd course of rejecting a Bill simply because it is brought in by the Conservatives. So long as they are ready to draw water and hew wood for the Liberals, we have no wish to cut short their career of profitable industry.

#### THE MYSORE REVERSION.

Two distinct and indeed opposite currents may be marked in the course of our Indian policy during the present century. There has been, on the one hand, the fatal tendency, generated of uncontrolled dominion, to extend on every occasion and at the slightest pretext the immediate rule of England—a policy which differs only from the lawless aggressions of Clive and Hastings in its use of a more hypocritical method. On the other hand, there has gradually grown up among statesmen and thinkers of a higher order, and in general among those Englishmen who interest themselves in Indian affairs, the well-founded belief that such a policy of aggression and annexation must be suicidal, that it touches our safety no less than our conscience that we should govern India for and by the Indian people, that our empire in the East is but too oppressive in its extent, that only by a strict observance of justice, both formal and virtual, can we hope to escape disaster. The first or annexationist policy prevailed in its honestest and franker form up to the administration of India's first and greatest ruler, Lord William Bentinck. After him came a period of aggression again. Lord Auckland, less wicked than weak, was succeeded by Lord Ellenborough, able and well-intentioned, but consumed by an ambitious vanity. The "imperial" policy, however, did not reach its most shameful development in either of these, but in Lord Dalhousie, at whose door lies in the main the guilt of the great mutiny. By this Viceroy, not so able but quite as unscrupulous and audacious as Warren Hastings, the art of annexation was completely mastered. Chicane and violence were alternately employed until no Hindoo or Mussulman prince within the limits of British supremacy deemed himself safe. Insecurity did not tend to create loyalty, as we found to our cost in 1857; but the events of that terrible year were followed by a wholesome reaction. "Clemency" Canning—to whom India owes more than she has yet recognised—taught in part by his kindly temper and his sterling common sense, in part by the bitter lessons of the all but universal disaffection, discerned clearly the excellence of that system of tributary and dependent States which Lord Dalhousie had, in defiance of treaties and covenants without number, in scorn of common justice and the good name of England, set himself deliberately to overthrow. The protected princes had stood by us to a man in the darkest hours of the Sepoy revolt, when their adhesion to the rebel cause would have rendered that blow to our power a fatal one. As a matter of interest then, as well as of gratitude, Lord Canning resolved to place their rights out of question. His famous proclamation of November 1858 repudiated any further acquisitions of territory, and guaranteed the rights of the native potentates. From Peshawur to Cape Comorin, this exposition of policy produced a profound sensation, and had the subsequent conduct of the Indian Administration been such as to inspire confidence, a most beneficial improvement of feeling would have taken place.

The Administration of Sir Charles Wood was in the main characterized by an honest earnestness in carrying out the



non-aggressive policy. But in official life, and among an administrative bureaucracy, evil traditions are like the garment of Nessus—they do not cease to contaminate and to cling. So neither the sound views of the Secretary of State, nor the high character of Sir John Lawrence, have preserved our Indian Government from some errors of a most perilous kind. We might mention many instances, in which the tone or the conduct of the authorities have reasonably raised doubts in the mind of the native communities as to the observance on our part of the principles laid down in Lord Canning's proclamation. But one, the most singular and discreditable, claims our attention more particularly, from having recently been the subject of debate in the House of Commons. The case of the Maharajah of Mysore was stated most forcibly and clearly by Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir E. Colebrooke, and since it is but a type of numerous cases of feudal relations and heritable rights in India, it may be worth while to consider the salient points in the particular instance as well as the general principles affected by the decision of Lord Cranborne.

To understand the questions at issue between the Maharajah and the Imperial Government, it is necessary to look back at the origin of the relations subsisting between the parties. More than a century ago Mysore was ruled by Nunjeraj, a Hindoo prince, who in his contests with neighbouring Powers employed the services of an uneducated Moslem adventurer, the most dangerous foe that ever measured strength with England on Indian ground, who bore the name of Hyder Ali. A brave captain and a politic statesman, Hyder soon succeeded, in the confusion of a warlike epoch, in supplanting his master and seating himself on the musnud. His power and his feud with the English he transmitted to his weaker and baser son, Tippoo Sahib, whose dominion, after a long and fierce contest, ended with his life in 1799, at the storming of Seringapatam. Our ally in the enterprise which was then successfully concluded was the Nizam, next potentate in rank to the Imperial House of Delhi, and since, by the ruin of the Moguls, the head of Mohammedan India. Out of Tippoo's spoil the first consideration was to compensate the conquerors; so by a "Partition Treaty" both the Company and the Nizam received a large accession of territory. But the old capital remained with the adjacent districts, and here it was agreed to place as a protected prince the infant heir of the old Hindoo dynasty, under English guardianship, and the care of Tippoo's able and wily vizier, Purnia. Between the Rajah so established, and his lords paramount, the Company, relations were fixed by the "subsidiary treaty," which guaranteed the payment of a subsidy by the former, and military protection by the latter. To insure punctuality and order, it was stipulated that a power of entry and sequestration should be reserved to the Company. And this power was to be acted on in the event of anarchy or bankruptcy in the Rajah's country. The Company strictly exacted the pecuniary conditions, but seem to have taken no care to educate for his high place the child whom they had raised to royal station. He was abandoned at the age of four to the pernicious training of the harem, and when he came of age he was, as might have been anticipated, no better than an incapable sensualist. No doubt his government was wretched enough, but the subsidy was not endangered, nor external order threatened. But the civilians of Madras saw in the Mysore administration a rich prize that they had missed. At their urgency Lord William Bentinck unwillingly consented to act on the sequestration clause—a proceeding for which at a later period he expressed unavailing regret. In 1831, the supercession of the Rajah took place; yet, even then, a promise was given to the prince and the people that the arrangement should be only a temporary one, and that the Commission of Administration should be in the main native. It has been altogether composed from that day to this of Europeans, and no response has ever been made to the prayers of the Rajah, now an old man of seventy-three, for a restoration of his power.

Perhaps this was not to be hoped for. A bad training had made our neglected *protégé* a bad ruler. But his conduct in 1857, when, solicited by the mutineers to head the revolt that menaced Madras, he not only refused, but placed at our disposal his elephants and his household troops, might have merited some leniency at our hands. It was far otherwise. The first movement towards the formal and permanent annexation of Mysore quickly followed the removal of the dangers of rebellion. A proclamation was issued transferring the Mysore administration from the Central Government to the Local Government of Madras. The Rajah perceived the effect of this step. He piteously appealed to Lord Canning, and his prayer was seconded by the strong remonstrance of the Chief Commissioner, Sir M. Cubbon. Happily the order was rescinded, but its ill effects could not so easily be removed.

Encouraged by the anti-aggression proclamation of 1858, the Rajah, who had long contemplated the adoption of a son, took the formal step, and was astounded at being met by the Governor-General with an absolute refusal to recognise this right of adoption, so far, at least, as the succession to the raj was concerned. An appeal to Sir Charles Wood was equally unsuccessful. The right of adoption and the right of succession were both challenged. Upon what grounds, other than mere official caprice, exception was taken to the former, we cannot say. Everybody who has even an elementary knowledge of Hindoo ideas and religious customs is aware that the power of adoption is held to be one of the fundamental rights of a citizen in India. It rests, indeed, on no sentimental grounds of vanity, but on a religious principle. The eternal happiness of a man is determined, according to Hindoo belief, by the performance by a son, legitimate or adoptive, of certain funeral ceremonies and sacrifices. Dr. Herbert Maine, the very highest of authorities, says, "If he (a Hindoo) have no children, he is under the strongest obligation to adopt one from another family, 'with a view,' says the Hindoo doctor, 'to the funeral cake, the water, and the solemn sacrifice.'" But failing this quibble, the Indian Government fell back on the right of the Maharajah to have a successor at all, and adopted Lord Dalhousie's favourite pretext of a "personal treaty." They alleged that, by the covenants of 1799, the rule of the Rajah had been only guaranteed for his life, and that it was intended that on his death the territory should lapse to the Company. That no such stipulation appears on the face of the "subsidiary treaty" is acknowledged; but it is said, that from the circumstances of the case and from precedents, we must so construe its provisions. It is to be remarked, that in 1799 there was absolutely no precedent for the elevation of the infant Rajah to power. If it was intended that he should only reign for a life-term, why was he taken from his obscurity at all—why were the dormant claims of his family revived? Above all, why, in 1831 and at later periods, did Lord William Bentinck and Lord Auckland speak of the sequestration as a "temporary arrangement"? It is quite clear, that the idea of a personal treaty we owe to Lord Dalhousie; and it has been a most unfortunate thing for this country that his honest successors have in this respect adhered to his policy.

With the fall of Lord Russell's Ministry Lord Cranborne went to the India Office. It will be remembered that on his accession to power he repudiated the aggressive policy in the strongest terms, and his words awakened once more the failing hopes of the poor infirm Maharajah. And, in fact, as a practical statesman, Lord Cranborne has, in this point, shown himself superior to the traditions of his bureau. So far as the material question is concerned, he has acceded to the Rajah's request, preferred by Sir H. Rawlinson, and as enforced by the petition which Mr. Mill presented to the House in July last. He has even admitted that if the adopted heir be fairly trained for rule, the powers of real government may in time be restored. But, it must be added, that he has made these concessions in the most ungraceful and irritating way. While he has given up the particular case, he has upheld the theory as strongly as ever. He maintains the pretence of a personal treaty. But, in justice we must add, he does not challenge the adoptive right; he gives his adhesion to Lord Canning's policy on this point. There can be no question as to the beneficial effect which Lord Cranborne's speech will produce in India. It is only unfortunate that the manner of its expression will, in a great measure, vitiate its sound policy. But it is at least a point gained, that Lord Canning's policy has been once more endorsed by the Supreme Power. That policy, if we are wise, we shall endeavour consistently to carry out, and, if possible, to extend. The protected States were our best security in the mutiny, and very naturally so. There the natives are loyal, because they have the avenues of place and power open to them,—in our own territory they are crushed down by the dead weight of the dominant European community, and they are disloyal. It is the opinion of those who know India best, that we are on the verge of another great convulsion. Let us at least be prepared for it. Let us disarm, by a kindly and equitable policy, the sullen hatred of the subject races, so that if the ruin comes, we may meet it with a clear conscience as well as a stout heart.

#### MR. DISRAELI'S FANCY FRANCHISES.

ANYTHING to stop a gap, seems to be Mr. Disraeli's present motto. The Græculus esuriens of Juvenal never stooped so low as Mr. Disraeli has during the past week. The

"Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo  
Promptus et Isæo torrentior,"



have been changed into bland accents, into wheedling, and finally into submission. Mr. Disraeli has not only eaten the leek, but declares that he likes the flavour. It does him good, he says. He is ready to do anything the House may tell him. At its bidding he abandoned his fifth resolution—that great resolution, which was not, as our Tory contemporaries informed us, to be so much the mainstay of Toryism as the destruction of Liberalism. Finally, at the bidding of the House, he abandoned his twelve other resolutions. Never in Parliamentary history has such a case of self-denial and abnegation been known. But worse, we fear, has to come. A man who has made such sacrifices will not surely mind making others. He who eats the leek so readily will have no difficulty in digesting any quantity of humble pie. Further, too, the Tory party in general are somewhat like the fire—very bad masters, but excellent servants. Under Mr. Disraeli's management, however, the sons of English nobles and the mighty squires of broad acres are converted into "cap and knee slaves." If they like the treatment it is no business of ours to complain. If they prefer being dragged through mud at Mr. Disraeli's heels, instead of maintaining their independence, by all means be it so. We have only to point out that still worse indignities are in store for them. Mr. Disraeli has abandoned his resolutions, and, as we all know, has promised us next Thursday a Reform Bill. What his Reform Bill will be like we can partly guess by the spirit of his thirteen resolutions. Those of them which were not dummies were framed upon the principle—*vincant divitiæ*. They threw still more power into the hands of a class which is already too powerful. The most objectionable was undoubtedly the one which Mr. Disraeli first abandoned—that advocating the system of plurality of votes. But the others, though not so objectionable in spirit, are in substance in their present form unacceptable to all true Liberals. The one sole wish that we have is to settle the Reform question, if not finally, at least for many years to come. And Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, if based only upon the twelve remaining resolutions, and we suppose it will be, or else his resolutions have all the while really meant nothing, settles no one point. His redistribution of seats, when analyzed, is illusory. Mr. Disraeli may rob Peter, but he takes very good care not to pay Paul. His downward extension of the suffrage does not go deep enough, whilst his lateral extension goes nowhere. We who have been offered both a county and a borough franchise on such infinitely better terms are not likely to be tempted by Mr. Disraeli's offer, even when the hook is baited with his four additional fancy franchises. And it is particularly to these last that we wish to draw attention. They have been made nearly as much of by our Tory contemporaries as the famous fifth resolution. They will, therefore, we suppose, form part of Mr. Disraeli's forthcoming Reform Bill. And Mr. Disraeli had probably a double object in putting them forward. He could twist them about into any shape that he pleased. To the Tories they should appear as the safeguard of the Constitution, to the Liberals as the enfranchisement of the working classes. To one party they would appear as a decent piece of clothing, to the other the mere frill of the real shirt. Before we examine them let us just re-state what is the object of the promoters of the present Reform movement. Their desire is to give the working classes of this country a fair share in its government. Mr. Disraeli not so very long ago made great professions not merely of his regard but his esteem for the working man. In one of his usual big phrases, when he particularly wishes to say nothing, he stated that the agricultural population was "the backbone of England." It therefore, for two reasons, becomes necessary to see how Mr. Disraeli's forthcoming Reform Bill will affect the working man. As his county and borough franchise will not, in the majority of cases, make him a voter, we must consequently turn to the four fancy franchises. The first is an educational franchise, which formed part of Mr. Disraeli's Reform programme in 1859. Mr. Disraeli did not then, nor even now, go much into details,—certainly was not communicative on the subject. As far, however, as we can make out, this franchise, according to Mr. Disraeli's own showing, is rather, as he himself says, "for all graduates of all universities, members of all the learned professions, clergymen and ministers of religion, certificated schoolmasters and others," than for the artisan in the town, or the ploughman in the village. Most of these persons whom Mr. Disraeli has enumerated, already in some other way possess the franchise, and will therefore not benefit much by his very liberal offer. The first of the fancy franchises then, as regards the working man, is a mere illusion. The second fancy franchise is still worse. It is the plausible old story of a savings-bank franchise. Thirty pounds in any savings bank for a year is to confer the privilege of a vote. Now the savings banks are

admirable institutions, and have done an infinity of good; but every one who knows the best class of the English or Scotch mechanics, knows that when they have scraped together thirty pounds they will not be content with a miserable three per cent., but will invest their money at a more profitable rate of interest. Mr. Disraeli, therefore, whilst seeming to reward, really puts a penalty upon industry. The third fancy franchise is very like the second. The enterprising mechanic who will not keep thirty pounds in a savings bank will certainly not invest the larger sum of fifty pounds in the funds. The fourth fancy franchise is the most extraordinary of all. By it any one paying twenty shillings a year will enjoy a vote. With the exception of Mr. Bright's "rat-catcher" and the showmen at fairs, we do not see that the working man will at all profit by such a privilege. As a rule, Tityrus and Melibæus do not keep dogs—sheep-dogs are, we believe, exempted from any tax—nor does the artisan boast armorial bearings, or wear hair-powder. We have thus gone through each of Mr. Disraeli's four fancy franchises. The second and the third are further open to great objection on the score of being liable to create still more bribery and corruption than even at the present moment exist. Our objection, however, applies to all of them, that they do not in any way benefit the working man, for whom the present Reform Bill is intended. They appear to have been most studiously framed with the view of keeping him outside their pale. Mr. Disraeli does, indeed, favour us with a quantity of statistics as to the number of persons who will be enfranchised under his four fancy franchises. What, however, we should like to know is, not so much the number of persons, but the classes in society to which they belong, and what proportion the working class bears. But upon this point Mr. Disraeli is discreetly silent.

Looking, then, upon Mr. Disraeli's four fancy franchises as a whole, we can only regard them like his redistribution of seats, as a mere juggle and a delusion. They promise good and perform evil. Instead of enfranchising the labourer, they enfranchise the D.D., the M.D., and F.R.S., who already possess votes; and instead of enfranchising the artisan, they enfranchise the nobleman's butler, and the scum of the country fair. Instead of doing away with corruption, they not only open up new paths to bribery, but definitely fix the price of a vote at thirty pounds. Instead, too, of adding fresh incentives for thrift and industry, they really put a premium upon idleness and timidity. Such are Mr. Disraeli's four fancy franchises. But we are not without hope. The statesman who, without a pang, and, perhaps, without a regret, flung away at the very first bidding his pet resolution, may, we think, without much trouble, be persuaded to discard his four abortive fancy franchises. For ourselves we are not afraid. It is the Tory party we wish to warn. The leader who has abandoned first one resolution, and then all of them, may be safely despised. We have already seen of what stuff he is made. Not for him is reserved the glory of defending what his party may deem to be true and honourable—not for him to be defeated in fair fight, and fall, if fall he must, amidst the regrets of friends and even the applause of foes—but to wriggle on from compromise to compromise, and to drink the cup of humiliation down to the very dregs. And one of the conditions for the acceptance of the forthcoming Disraeli Reform Bill must be, that these four fancy franchises must be changed both in spirit and form, so that they, unless some other franchise be provided, shall embrace the working man, for whose benefit the present Reform movement has been mainly promoted. Unless this be done all true Liberals, if only from motives of consistency, are bound to oppose the promised Ministerial measure.

#### THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

THE first session of the North German Parliament has been opened at Berlin, with all due form and solemnity, by the King of Prussia. No one can deny the greatness of the occasion; nor is it easy to place an exaggerated estimate upon the importance of the changes which it signalizes, or of that still more complete development of German unity of which it is in all probability the starting point. At this time last year Germany was broken up into petty States, each independent within its own borders, each affording an opening to foreign intrigue, each contributing, through the ambition or the mutual jealousy of their rulers, to the weakness rather than to the strength of the common Fatherland. It is true, that amongst the people there was a deep yearning for unity, a strong sense that Germany had not the position in Europe to which her importance entitled her, an intimate conviction that she had neither the strength for offence or defence which properly belonged to her numerous, brave, and patriotic population. But there appeared



little or no prospect of their aspirations being realized. Their country was bound fast in the net which had been woven round her by the events of centuries, and which the Congress of Vienna had perceptibly tightened. Every successive attempt to create a nation out of a congeries of petty kingdoms and principalities had failed; and although most people who thought at all about the matter felt convinced that the Germans would, sooner or later, work their way to the desired goal, few would have ventured a twelvemonth ago to predict that the year 1866 would not pass away before the foundations had been laid of a new and we trust a powerful German empire. We need not dwell upon the series of events by which this consummation has been brought about. The King of Prussia, in his inaugural address to the new Parliament, piously refers the result to the direct interposition of Providence, which has led Germany towards the object desired by her people through paths which were neither chosen nor foreseen. But, although we are ready to believe that his Majesty has been, to a great extent, an unconscious instrument in the transactions which have made him every inch an emperor, we do not believe that Count Bismarck has been equally taken by surprise. The truth is, that as Germany became divided in consequence of the weakness of its former nominal head, it has become united because one of its States has acquired a decisive preponderance, and has been boldly and skilfully pushed forward to the front by a statesman equally remarkable for audacity in conceiving great plans, and for skill in conducting them to a successful issue. Still, Count Bismarck could have done nothing had he not been the representative of a strong national feeling; or had he sought to impose an organization upon the country, rather than to assist her in gaining one adapted to her wants and congenial to her wishes. No one can approve many of his measures. No one can regard with satisfaction the tortuous paths through which he has too often pursued his way. But he is, after all, entitled to the sort of indulgence which we always grant to the founders of empires; and above all to those who build them upon the solid bases of national desires and of the natural fitness of things. If Germany had not desired unity, the battle of Sadowa might have added a few provinces to Prussia, but it would not have placed her at the head of a North German Confederation. In the fact that he has been able to overcome sectional jealousies, the opposition of the minor sovereigns, and the other obstacles which always impede the reorganization of a great country, lies the best justification for the course which Count Bismarck has pursued. The meeting of the North German Parliament is not only the fruit but the sanction of his policy.

It is difficult to read without some slight incredulity the assurance of King William, that he would have been equally ready to become a subordinate member of the new Confederation as to take and assume its headship, had circumstances called him to the former instead of the latter position. We do not believe in the readiness of any monarch to consent to a limitation of his independent authority, and it is tolerably well known that there was no great eagerness for self-sacrifice amongst the princes whose devotion to the general welfare his Majesty is pleased to acknowledge in terms to which the real facts of the case impart somewhat of an ironical character. There is more truth, and also a more important meaning in the following paragraph of the address, in which the King dwells upon the difficulties that have been encountered in obtaining the assent of so many different Governments to the draft of a Federal Constitution, and urges this as a reason why the new Parliament should not hastily disturb the arrangements that have been arrived at. There is no doubt that the Constitution, as now settled, is far from perfect. It is drawn up rather on Conservative than on Liberal lines. It is not intended to give the popular will the free play that many people wish, and that is to some extent desirable. It is, in fact, founded rather on the idea of consolidating a powerful State under the guidance of a strong chief, than of developing the liberties of the people who are subject to it. But we cannot help agreeing with the King, when he remarks, "that the point of supreme importance at present is not to neglect the favourable moment for laying the foundations of the building; its more perfect completion can then safely remain intrusted to the subsequent combined co-operation of the German sovereigns and races." There is an amount of truth in this which the German Liberals, who are discontented with the provisions of the Constitution, would do well to lay to heart. If the Assembly refuses to assent to the draft which it will be their first duty to consider, or if the landtags of the different States to which it must in time be submitted should take that course, the whole scheme of a North German Parliament would be in danger of shipwreck. Prussia will

preserve her ascendancy by means of the treaties which she has extorted from the smaller States, but there will be no common assembly in which the people are represented, and through the medium of which the nation may eventually attain not only a more complete union, but a larger measure of freedom. The great thing is to get a Federal assembly representing not the princes, but the people, fairly to work. It may be imperfectly constituted; it may even for a time tend rather to the strengthening of authority than the growth of freedom. But it must furnish an invaluable basis of operations, and in the long run it must be amenable to the liberal feeling and the intelligence of the country. It will be far better to wait awhile for the final crowning of the edifice than to risk the loss of that which has been accomplished by attempting (as some of the Liberals are said to intend) to obtain the adoption of the Democratic charter of 1848. If they were successful, the only result would be infinite confusion and an indefinite postponement of the ultimate end they have in view; because, although the assembly might vote, it could not establish such a constitution without the consent of the several Governments, and this would certainly not be given. There is, however, no reason to expect that counsels of so extreme a character will prevail. In the Federal Parliament itself, Count Bismarck, so far as we can now venture to anticipate, will have it pretty much his own way. The real danger to the scheme lies at a subsequent stage, when it is submitted to the local Parliaments of the different States.

If there were no other motive which should induce the members of these assemblies to "strain a point" rather than reject the constitution, a very strong inducement to adopt such a course would be supplied by the consideration, that the sooner Northern Germany assumes a definite, and something like a permanent form, the sooner can steps be taken to enter into closer relations with the Southern States. Although the King uses very guarded language on this point, it is plain that he, or rather Count Bismarck, has not relinquished the idea of bringing the whole of Germany into one confederation, under the leadership of Prussia. All that is at present spoken of is the formation of the Zollverein, the common promotion of trade, and a combined guarantee for the security of German territory. But we can easily understand that if so much is uttered a good deal is left unsaid, in deference to the susceptibilities of at least one foreign nation. And yet, as his Majesty justly observes, there is no legitimate reason why any Power should regard with jealousy the rise of that German Empire—stretching from the Alps to the Baltic—which is the inevitable, and probably not the very distant consummation of recent events. The direction of the German mind is peaceful. There is no wish for the conquest of any territory inhabited by foreign races, now that Denmark has been successfully despoiled of Slesvig. The inclination of the people is industrial rather than warlike, and their motto is very much that of our own volunteers, "Defence, and not defiance." Of course, if any other nation still hankers after German soil, and still nourishes any desire to acquire so-called natural boundaries, we can well understand that it may look with disfavour upon a consolidation and a common organization which will once for all defeat the realization of its designs. But, in truth, those designs—if they be entertained—are even now quite hopeless. The North German Confederation ought to be able to defend their own frontiers against all comers, and even if they are not, it is certain that at the first cannon shot that was fired on the Rhine, their fellow-countrymen south of the Maine would rush to their assistance. Still it is desirable for many reasons, both of internal organization and of external defence, that the complete unification of the country should be carried out as soon as possible. The sooner a commencement is made by the conclusion of arrangements upon those points to which the King referred in his speech, the better for all parties. For our own part we cordially re-echo the prayer with which the King concluded his address. We have no other wish and no other interest than that Germany should be free, united, and powerful—that she should fully realize "the dream of centuries, the yearning and striving of the latest generations." Upon the prudence, the wisdom, and, above all, the moderation of the deputies now assembled at Berlin, the speedy fulfilment of the national aspirations mainly depends. We hope that they will not prove unworthy of the trust reposed in them; and that they will not, in grasping at a shadow, lose the substance which is within their reach.

#### WHALLEY IN EXCELSIS.

For years the late Colonel Sibthorp played, to everybody's great satisfaction, the part of fool to the House of Commons.



The late gallant member for Lincoln held undisputed possession of the cap and bells. His folly, however, was purely social. He was not deeply versed in theological studies. We doubt if he distinctly understood the difference between a prayer and a creed. Most probably he looked upon all Roman Catholics as Dissenters, which was in his mind the worst term that could be applied to a human being. Certainly in the later years of his life, his folly was only roused by the mention of Exhibitions and Crystal Palaces. He was in short not a spiritual, but what Jaques would call "a material fool." Since his day, however, has risen one who is exactly his antithesis. The colonel's mantle has undoubtedly fallen upon the honourable member for Peterborough, but it has fallen the wrong side outwards. His motley is all of one colour. His bells ring all one tune. To carry out Shakespeare's alliteration, he sees—

"Romes in rooms,  
Missals in stones, and Popes in everything."

"Quid Romæ faciam?" is the question he is eternally asking himself. And, as of old, his scornful answer is "Mentiri nescio." Our Whalley is not, as has been falsely said, a Jesuit in disguise. On the contrary, he belongs to that large party of our countrymen who keep the 5th of November sacred. In many out-of-the-way villages there exists, we believe, a body of theological alarmists, whose *bête noire* is the Pope. They hold tea-meetings, and retail to one another the most fearful stories. One night, perhaps, somebody comes in with an account that the Jesuits are buying up all the editions of "Foxe's Martyrs," for the purpose of destroying that bulwark of the Protestant faith. Another night somebody has heard, upon the most authentic information, that the Archbishop of Canterbury has gone over with all his family to the Scarlet Woman. And in Parliament these amiable enthusiasts have found a philosopher and friend in the person of the hon. member for Peterborough. Whalley is ready on all occasions. Nuns, convents, monasteries, Maynooth, all supply him with matter for showing his spirit of true Christian meekness and forbearance. His most recent display of charity took place last Wednesday. Its occasion was the second reading of Sir Colman O'Loughlen's Bill, the object of which is to enable a Roman Catholic to be Lord Lieutenant or Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Even a Tory of the stamp of Lord Naas could not object to the office of the latter being thrown open alike to Protestants and Catholics, though with singular inconsistency he was opposed to the former being put on the same footing. Then, when Lord Naas sat down, rose our Whalley and Mr. Gladstone. Contrasts are both pleasing and instructive. Vulcan and Venus, Minerva and her owl, Hyperion and a satyr, Gladstone and Whalley, have all an esoteric meaning. Just, too, as the late Colonel Sibthorp was most furious when some great social improvement was being brought about, so is our Whalley most absurd when some piece of religious bigotry is going to be destroyed. Whalley will, we feel sure, pardon us if for a moment before analyzing his fragmentary wisdom, which a profane House so often interrupted, we call attention to Mr. Gladstone's speech. Were it only for one sentence this speech would be remarkable. "What is the main reason urged," he asked, "for holding that the Lord Lieutenant should not be a Roman Catholic? That such an appointment would be calculated to create public disapprobation; but is that an absolute reason against change? Do we not sit here to bring prejudices to the bar of reason?" Of course, people of the Whalley nature look upon such language as a direct insult to themselves. They really judge everything by their instincts. Reason with them means a parcel of sentiments and prejudices and weak tea. They, on the other hand, bring reason before a packed jury of their own feelings. Then at last rose the hero of the debate, our own Whalley. Cries of "divide," "divide," are not inspiring to an orator, but Whalley rose above mere sounds. He had been engaged, he said, in mental and metaphysical conflict, in endeavouring to draw a distinction between "the constitution" and "what is by law established." The result of this mental and metaphysical conflict is the most remarkable we ever met. Whalley came to no less a wonderful conclusion than that constitutions and dynasties have been changed "by the mere accident of a moment." Colonel Sibthorp, himself in his wildest moments could never have drawn such a wonderful conclusion from such premises. We should like very much to see the hon. member for Peterborough's list of constitutions and dynasties which have been changed "by the mere accident of a moment." Mr. Cox used to favour the House with some wonderful historical information, but we do not remember that he ever gave such an original theory of history as our Whalley's. The next conclusion, however, that our Whalley came to was much nearer the truth. He regretted

that Mr. Gladstone had so successfully defended the cause of religious toleration, that he really found it impossible to answer the arguments. Here most ordinary men would have thought it high time to consider, that since they could not refute their opponent's arguments, whether they were not in the wrong in endeavouring to maintain an untenable position; but Whalley did no such thing, he simply sent for a tumbler of cold water. Having fortified himself with this he proceeded to protest against "this horrid power of the Roman hierarchy." In a confused medley of metaphors he informed the House that the people of England are being surrounded by "a network of this foreign power," but that "the time of trial" may not be far off. Whalley, we feel confident, will then be more equal to the occasion than he was last Wednesday. The network of the "horrid power" will, we are sure, fare a great deal worse than Mr. Gladstone's arguments. Then having refreshed himself with a draught of cold water, Whalley again went on protesting. He, for one, would not submit—not he. Others might submit and bow their knee to Baal or the Pope—for the names seem to be synonymous in the Whalley mind—but the Protestant Whalley wouldn't. He protested, he said, "against the power of Parliament to transfer his allegiance from the Crown of England to a foreign prince." Then, having finished his protests, Whalley declared, after Mr. Carlyle's fashion, that he had found "his mission." This Mr. Carlyle declares to be the happiest state for a man, though he never tells any one what their mission is. But Whalley is happier than Mr. Carlyle's ideal hero, for he has found out his exact mission. "My mission, it is said," he continued, "is to make Protestantism ridiculous in this House. I accept that mission, and I shall more than succeed in all I aim at." Really Whalley is too humble-minded. His mission is evidently not to make only Protestantism, but all religion ridiculous, and further not only to make it ridiculous, but offensive; and we are decidedly of opinion that he will achieve a complete success in all that he aims at. Having announced his mission, Whalley next proceeds to shed abroad the light of his most recent information, gathered, as he tells us, from the newspapers. We should have been glad, indeed, to have heard the names of the newspapers which the honourable member for Peterborough studies. Authorities for facts are very important. Does Whalley read the *Tablet*, or the *Standard*, the *Guardian*, or the *Globe*? or does he regard the *Record* as his sole authority on questions relating to Rome? Whatever he reads, his information is certainly very startling. Without actually expressing it in so many words, he hints that another Loyola is amongst us, and that the Inquisition is about to be set up in Westminster. At least, this is the only practical sense we can extract from such a vague sentence as "Papacy is the same now that it ever was. It possesses the same principles of persecuting unto the death." Here Whalley doubtless saw visions of racks and Catherine wheels, and St. Andrew's crosses, and all the other machinery of the dark ages. Then rising from instruments of torture, Whalley took an historical flight. His general view about history we have already seen. Now, however, he favoured the House with his theories in detail. Fenianism, he declared, owes its origin to Rome. The Tiber has mixed its waters with those of the Shannon. Here unfortunately the Speaker of the House called the daring orator to order, so that we are deprived of Whalley's original views upon the origin of Fenianism. Doubtless he considers the Pope, and not Stephens, as the Chief Head-centre. After this we regret to say that the honourable member for Peterborough was obliged to utter mere fragmentary ejaculations, and to find refuge in quotations. Of one thing, however, we are bound to take some notice. Whalley owned that he had actually been inside a Roman Catholic chapel. Here is backsliding indeed. Who knows where this fatal step may end? If you go once, Whalley, you may go twice; and if you go twice, you may go three times, until you may go there altogether. Where will you stop? You have already begun your downward career, to which there is but one ending. It is too late to pause. What are the arguments you can adduce which would not equally apply to the repeal of the Act of Settlement?

#### THE LAW'S DELAY.

If the Conservative Government was sincere in its copious promises of practical legislation, it ought to have received Sir Roundell Palmer's speech last Friday in a different spirit. The Attorney-General repeated three times, that if his predecessor's suggestions were worth anything they should have been made while the late Government was in power; and the Solicitor-General devoted his maiden speech to the enunciation of some trite objections which were more worthy of Sir John Rolt than



of Sir John Karslake. Assuming that the facts stated by Sir Roundell Palmer were true and that there is a legal deadlock, it is no answer to those facts to say that the discovery should have been made last year, or that the remedy proposed is insufficient. It is not the duty of a Government to recriminate, but to govern. If the late Ministry neglected any part of its duty, that is no excuse for neglect in the present Ministry. If an evil is pointed out to an Administration, the Administration is bound to look for a remedy. But things have come to such a pass amongst us that our rulers are always relying on bad precedents, and staving off complaints because they do not bring with them their own cure. We might surely acknowledge that we do not place men at the head of affairs in order that they may receive our suggestions, and that because the Conservative Government chooses to abdicate its functions on the subject of Reform, we are not therefore bound to supply it with all the rest of its materials. It promised us legal reform in the Queen's Speech, and we might have expected to have some inkling of its intentions when Sir Roundell Palmer showed how much that reform was needed.

We do not profess to agree with all that fell from the late Attorney-General. We do not see that he touched the actual causes of the evils which he exposed so ably. We must admit that some of his remedies are impracticable, and that others will be futile, that some have been adopted already, and that some of those have proved unsatisfactory. But still the fact remains that for the present sittings there are 269 causes down for trial in the Common Pleas, and that 124 of them are *remanets*; 95 in the Exchequer, of which 9 are *remanets*; and 206 in the Queen's Bench, of which 106 are *remanets*. Many of these cases are likely, as Sir Roundell Palmer adds, to stand over till next November. By that time there will be probably as many more new cases, which again will have to stand over till some future period. It does not appear in what way the Attorney-General proposes to cope with these arrears; perhaps he is content to leave them to the course of nature. But special jury cases and common jury cases are not the only ones that accumulate. Larger issues have to abide the leisure of the judges of each court, the judges sitting in the Exchequer Chamber, and the judges advising the House of Lords. The trial in which Sir Roundell Palmer appeared the other day for the Bishop of Exeter is a fair instance. The action was brought in 1858. The main issues were raised on demurrer, and were decided in June, 1859. Other issues of fact remained, and it was not till December, 1860, that error could be brought in the Exchequer Chamber. In February, 1862, the cause came to the House of Lords, and was set down for hearing. "It waited four years and was then taken. The argument began in June last year, and the judges were summoned; but they were obliged to go on circuit before the argument could be concluded. The argument was resumed yesterday and to-day, and it has to be again interrupted in consequence of the judges being obliged to go to other duties." It is true that a case such as this cannot be settled without long and patient inquiry. But why must the House of Lords brood over it for four years without even sitting upon it? Why must the decision of such an issue wait till the judges can find spare time to help the House of Lords, and the Lords themselves find working time to listen to the judges? It is very impressive to talk of the ancient *curia regis*, and to say that "the judicial and appellate functions of the House of Lords are of great antiquity. They add," no doubt, "to the dignity of that ancient and distinguished assembly, and you cannot withdraw them without removing a stone from the edifice which would not be unimportant." But the welfare of the public is more to be considered than any such dignity, and for that welfare it is essential that the law should not be at a standstill. If the House of Lords will sit judicially during the Parliamentary recess, or give up more days to judicial business during the Parliamentary session, we shall be willing to gratify the feudal instincts of Sir John Rolt and Sir George Bowyer. But if causes are left unheard for four years, we shall think that the ancient and venerable assembly cares more for its own ease than the public business, and we shall be ready to relieve it of the duties which it finds too irksome.

Whether one supreme court of appeal will suffice or will seem too meagre for our extensive kingdom, is a point that may well be reserved for future discussion. There can be little doubt that too many appeals ought to be discouraged, and that their evils are daily forced upon the conviction of practising lawyers. A rich company which has done any damage, and is not disposed to make it good, may drag its opponent through every court and leave him ruined by his succession of victories. The costs which it will have to pay at the last do not represent all the expenses of the contest, even if no allowance is made

for the wear and tear of the mind and nerves which the plaintiff has to suffer. In Chancery we see the Overend and Gurney case passing from chief clerk to vice-chancellor, and thence to the House of Lords without the usual intervention of the Lord Chancellor. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway is represented both at common law and equity, besides engaging the attention of the peers in their legislative capacity. And if a rich company is given to fighting, what is the natural tendency of a bankrupt company? The more chances it has of appealing to higher courts the more hope it has of staving off its final destiny. And by the time it comes before *les grands et sages du royaume*, the fools of the kingdom have been thoroughly bitten, and the small incomes have been swallowed up in ruin. Although we are speaking here of the delays occasioned by the excessive liberty of appealing, it is evident that this is not the sole obstacle to speedy justice. Men who know that they are in the wrong, but whose only chance lies in keeping off the evil day, find the forms of law too potent auxiliaries. We fear this cannot be remedied until new judges are appointed, and the whole course of business receives an impulse. If, then, three judges sat in banco in one court, and one in another, while one was trying *Nisi Prius* causes; or if, while one court only heard *Nisi Prius* causes, two courts, with two judges each, were sitting in banco, the judicial staff would be greatly economized. In the latter event, the mass of applications would be disposed of during term, and when the special jury cases came on after term, needing two courts for *Nisi Prius*, one court of three judges might sit in banco, and dispose of the cases to which two judges felt themselves unequal. One objection to this plan is, that there is no room for more sittings at Westminster; and another is, that the existing number of judges is too small for any fresh work to be entailed upon them. But as we are about to answer the first objection by building new Law Courts, and the second by appointing new judges, there seems no valid reason for not remodelling the system. A change in the duration of the legal terms would have some effect in accelerating the course of justice. Seeing that the long vacation has been fixed by law as lasting from the 10th of August to the 24th of October, and that the courts have been authorized to hold sittings at any other times, except on the few days succeeding Christmas and Good Friday, why should we not rearrange the legal year? Too much is left at present to the sharpness of attorneys' clerks, who, by delivering a plea at the last minute of the last day, frequently throw their opponents over till the next sittings. We shall be accused of making an attack on the genius of the English law if we object to pettifoggery and cleverness. But as recent legislation has tended in the direction of equity, and as the Common Law Procedure Acts have done away with shoals of quibbling, there may be some hope that the last refuge of injustice will be demolished, and technicality confined to its proper limits.

So much has yet to be done in every department of the law that all plans of reform must needs be fragmentary. We cannot transfer much business to the county courts till we raise the character of those courts, and invite counsel to them as well as suitors. We cannot get rid of the verbiage of legal documents till we fix legal remuneration on a juster scale, and cease to pay attorneys by the folio. We cannot amend our trials by jury till we amend our system of summoning juries, and till we make some of the permissive provisions of the Common Law Procedure Acts compulsory. But if we wait till all have made up their minds on the whole scheme before we begin to touch a part of it, we cannot be said to do our work piecemeal, but we invite a revolution. Delays in themselves are dangerous, but delay in curing delay merely aggravates the evil. The worst doctor is not he who admits that his patient is seriously ill, and that he has not found either the cause or the cure, but he who refuses to accept the diagnosis or try the remedies of another physician, on the ground that the patient is in perfect health.

#### THE BEES IN THE GLASS HIVE.

MR. LOWE described, by a happy phrase, one of the peculiar effects of publicity as regards the House of Commons when he said, "You bees work in a glass hive;" and he thereupon proceeded to dilate, perhaps with some soreness, upon the criticism to which public men are exposed, and their liability to have their meaning distorted under the microscope of the press, and to find their hasty expressions put into a permanent form, by which they acquire undue significance. All this is undoubtedly true. But there is another side of the truth not taken into account in the phrase, and that is,



that these "bees" are conscious of working under the glass; and therefore the presumption is that they say nothing hastily or inconsiderately, and that, consequently, no injustice is done them by giving permanence and the utmost publicity to their utterances, as they are in reality spoken to the country and not to the House. And yet not entirely to the country; for when a man is speaking to such an assembly as the House of Commons, where so many passions are rife, he cannot so far abstract himself as to speak over their heads to the nation at large. So that the speeches in the House of Commons are, after all, entitled to some indulgence.

There is, however, a principle involved here, and a very important one. The speakers of Mr. Lowe's way of thinking do not consider themselves as mere delegates, but as representatives entitled to convince and to be convinced personally. The severe criticisms upon speeches uttered in the House of Commons imply a decay of this doctrine, and that the members are considered as to some extent delegates, and responsible even for their speeches to their constituents, or rather to the nation at large; the responsibility to the Assembly itself is swallowed up; the nation insists upon the speakers satisfying the public rather than the House of Commons. This tendency has been steadily gaining strength; from the time when the debates and votes were alike privileged, and their publication strictly prohibited, down to the present time when privilege has decayed, and the public claim to scrutinize severely both votes and speeches. In fact, the nation is thus, unconsciously perhaps, withdrawing all independent power from the House of Commons, and is appropriating to itself the supreme authority in a more active manner than formerly; so that, to pursue Mr. Lowe's metaphor, the "bees" are becoming merely blind agents, labouring in obedience to their public instinct, and storing up treasures in which they have personally little interest. And the complaint of Mr. Bright against the present constitution of Parliament amounts to this—that the hive being thought to be full of drones, not labouring at all, or merely for themselves, the nation should apply the sulphur in order to make room for a fresh swarm. Of course, a more complete representation would lead to more confidence between constituencies and representatives, and this would be the true remedy for a too great tendency to reduce representatives to mere delegates: publicity would then be as healthful air and light. The remedy is not to be found in withdrawing Parliamentary proceedings from public scrutiny and criticism, even if that were possible or desired by any one, but in strengthening the confidence which should subsist between the people and their representatives. The House of Commons is not an executive body, and therefore it is not easy to see what useful purpose could ever be served by withdrawing its proceedings in the least degree from public comment; and there is a very clear and intelligible distinction between a privilege which enables every member to speak his real opinions without fear, and the hurtful protection which would enable him to speak without any feeling of responsibility. When privilege is restrained within due bounds, the only punishment the public is entitled to inflict upon a member for his Parliamentary conduct is to choose him no more as their representative.

But Mr. Lowe's complaint, that the members of the House of Commons are to some extent restrained from uttering their real sentiments by the excessive publicity, certainly appears rather ludicrous as matters stand at present. We certainly do not desire to see the utterance of any real sentiments restrained, though it must be confessed that when we have waded through, say a week's reports, we certainly have considerable difficulty in finding the real sentiments of the speakers. But we apprehend that this is less the effect of external constraint than of barrenness in the speakers and a fearful paucity of matured thoughts. The unreal sentiment is swollen with wind to portentous dimensions. Publicity, so far from checking this, has a direct tendency to foster it: in this point of view we might compare publicity to the glass of a hothouse, where, under the concentrated glare, all rank weeds that can find a place grow and thrive. Members speak to the country through the press, and there is always some section of the country ready to listen. Would Mr. Whalley inflict himself upon the House if the debates were not published? Perhaps he might; for we imagine the honourable member's oratory does not require the support of an audience of any kind; but there are some members who would perhaps gladly yield to their fate and remain silent who are now found utterly irrepressible. The hive being of glass, even drones must bestir themselves and put on a show of working. So that publicity tends to increase the deluge of talk rather than to restrain it.

If it could be rendered effective to check useless talk, it would be desirable to extend it, if that were still possible; but

it does not appear to have sufficient force to compel members to be even careful and moderate in their expressions; and those who complain that their meaning has been distorted have by their own confession only themselves to thank for not choosing beforehand such expressions as would be unambiguous, or for allowing themselves to be carried away by their own passions or those of their audience. It is very wholesome that honourable gentlemen should reflect that sentiments which are received with rounds of applause by the House will not meet with the same favour out of doors. Publicity may undoubtedly tend to produce a disposition to pander to popular passions; but generally the immediate audience will exercise an influence so far superior, that without some such check as this, speakers might become very corrupt. Another very useful result of publicity is that it imposes a necessity of mingling some sense into oratory. Mere oratory is too likely to fall very flat when read in the newspaper the next morning, when all its sparkling effervescence has subsided. Then it becomes necessary to consider the claims of good sense, and to prevent their being entirely sacrificed for effect. And this is surely desirable. So long as Parliaments exist it will never be possible to abolish the spectacle of Greek throttling Greek; but it is some satisfaction even in such a struggle that the blows are fairly dealt, and at a substantial foe, and that it is not merely beating the air, though the result may be practically little more useful. On the whole, then, we do not entirely sympathize with Mr. Lowe's pathetic complaint. The public might more reasonably complain of the seas of twaddle with which they are deluged; but happily they have the remedy in their own hands.

#### DR. STARK ON CELIBACY.

In the story of "Kavanagh" we find a schoolmaster who sketches a plan of arithmetic by which that dry study may be rendered as interesting as a romance. From the last reports of the Scottish Register Office we learn that the death rate among bachelors is double what it is among married men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty; between thirty and thirty-five it remains at nearly the same proportion; while on the whole, taking married and single in the lump, husbands live twenty years longer than unmated gentlemen. Now if we take these statistics to be correct, they give rise to one or two curious reflections. Is the superior duration a direct effect from the cause? We forget if Cornaro included matrimony among his receipts for longevity; but it is evident that after Dr. Stark's announcement, a modern Cornaro must do so. We must marry to live. Whatever be the risks that surround the more complete state they are altogether overbalanced by a lengthened lease of existence. It is better to be worried by a vixen than be shuffled off before our time. It is, literally, either "death or Anastasia," as Morton puts it. Dr. Stark should have had his *carte* taken before Valentine's-day with Azrael standing by him, and demanding of a bachelor, "Your marriage certificate or your life." We are certain the design would have been eminently popular with young ladies. There is a story of a prescription for a king in the Old Testament, to which we need not more directly advert than to say that it touches the subject we are upon. Another grace is bestowed on the sex. They are more than ever our preservers. We can love them now as we do ourselves. Hygiene shakes hands with Hymen. But what if Dr. Stark's figures bear a different interpretation? Suppose we regard the hecatomb of bachelors as an offering upon the shrine of blighted affection? Young men are jilted, and die of it. Their more fortunate friends bask in the heat of the domestic hearth, while poor "Tom's a-cold," "Tom all alone," shivering in the dreary world without, until he is carted off under the direction of an economical Necropolis Company. Indeed, this suggests to us that bachelors could not do better than combine for the purpose of interring each other as cheaply as possible. Dr. Stark puts matters in a way that there is no shirking. He does not say whom or what you are to marry, but widow or maid you must engage with, if your career is not to be cut down to half its legitimate extent. The reason of the wonderful difference is certainly not on the surface. Bachelors are not invariably rakes; and a modern bachelor well schooled in the modes of pleasure knows how to enjoy them with as little detriment to his health as possible. It is said that a man with asthma survives that complaint for an intolerable period; but we refrain from associating his powers of endurance with those of a father of a family. A bachelor should have few cares even if he keeps late hours. Then we have heard of "old" bachelors; is the race threatened with extinction? The more we look at Dr. Stark's sums the more



they puzzle us. His bachelors, for we are tempted to believe that he is in a measure the proprietor of the lot he makes an example of must be an entirely different set from those we are accustomed to meet. What kills them? And when we have asked that question we should like to know why they apparently prefer sudden death to lingering matrimony. Dr. Stark, with a grim exactness, holds out this warning scroll of mortality, which we have no doubt will be made a text-sheet by mothers with marriageable daughters. It comes opportunely at the commencement of the season. Can meerschaum or the cigars of Havanna be the cause of the mischief? Would a latch-key unlock the mystery? Do bachelors pine at lonely moments in chambers and lodgings, and then expire of broken hearts? Dr. Stark should have informed us of the number of young ladies who live and die unwon. He should have set one column off against the other. We are curious on this point, or rather curious as to the manner in which Dr. Stark would make it, for our own Registrar-General has never produced the startling effects of the Scotch statistician, although he has cast up very similar accounts.

In Scotland, Dr. Stark's native ground, there is a bold indecision on the subject of marriage which periodically affects the returns of births. But Scotland is a very pious country, and the good people do not mind trifles as long as they observe the Sabbath, and keep music out of the churches. We trust, however, that the fatal influence of celibacy, as shown by Dr. Stark, will have an effect upon those incidental moralities which do not include the crime of whistling in the streets on Sundays. For us the figures are pregnant with conviction if we could only be satisfied as to their correctness. Figures, after all, are nothing if not correct, and when Dr. Lankester pronounced his sweeping opinion on the women of London, it made every difference in the force of it to find that he was only half right. If Dr. Stark is right, bachelors should literally marry in haste in the teeth of the rest of the saw. If Dr. Stark is wrong, they do not lose much after all in taking the course suggested by his calculations.

#### THE SOLDIER'S KNAPSACK.

THE accoutrement of the British soldier is a subject which has been frequently brought under the notice of the public. Frequently, and yet not often enough; for the practical result of the exposure of the present absurd method of encumbering the soldier has been we may almost say valueless. Over and over again has attention been drawn to the fact that the soldier is accoutred in a manner opposed alike to experience, common sense, and scientific teaching; and yet, because the opponents of the existing state of things have been unable to demonstrate the evils following its adoption, their efforts have been unfruitful. We beg a little consideration for the soldier, and we do so on the score that he is nearly the worst paid and worst treated member of our community. With wages barely adequate to support existence, with a chance of reaching a good old age which certainly would be put at a small mark by the actuary, and with an exposure to all the perils and distresses of a military career, the soldier's life is certainly not an enviable one. It behoves us, then, all the more to see that the difficulties he has to encounter in the performance of his arduous duties shall be as fully provided against as our means and appliances admit of. But is this what has been done? We regret to say it is not. While in other Continental armies, such as that of Prussia, the fruits of science and of general experience have been brought to bear upon the sanitary condition of the soldier, in England he is still looked upon as a sort of machine, devoid of feeling, and capable of any degree of mechanical exertion. Although it may be urged that a soldier's work, when spread over an entire year, and as it were averaged for each day, is by no means severe, it must be remembered that this is not the aspect in which the question should be viewed. It happens, in times of war, that an amount of labour is thrown upon the soldier, equal to, if not vastly greater, than that of our hardest-worked artisans; and it is only reasonable to allege that, in order to fulfil his office satisfactorily, the soldier should at least have the favourable conditions allowed to the operative. Indeed, this view of the subject cannot be urged too forcibly, for whilst it is generally an unimportant matter whether the work of the labourer is achieved in a certain fixed time or not, it is of the most vital import that the work to be done by the soldier shall not only be well and efficiently executed, but shall be done within the compass of a definite number of days or hours. It is absurd for us to hope for the success of our armies, if our soldiers are not placed under circumstances as favourable

for the performance of their duties, as are those of other countries.

That our English soldier is accoutred in violation of all the dictates of sense and science is rendered evident by a lecture of Professor Maclean's, which appeared in a recent number of our contemporary, the *British Medical Journal*. Professor Maclean is not only a deputy inspector-general in the army, but he is the chosen teacher of the young surgeons who, having passed the ordinary professional and army examinations, are detained in Netley Hospital for instruction in military medicine and surgery. This gentleman, from his wide knowledge as a practical military surgeon and as an erudite teacher and philosophic thinker, tells his pupils that the knapsack and other accoutrements worn under existing "regulations" not only impede the free movements of the soldiers on the march and on parade, but obstruct the operations of the muscles subservient to the proper action of the lungs and in a large percentage of instances give rise to serious and fatal heart diseases. But he does not merely assert, he proves beyond all question, that his opinions are correct. He alleges that the preposterous knapsack now worn is productive of serious affections, and he demonstrates it. Showing his pupils a preserved specimen of a soldier's heart, he pointed out to them the existence of a hard white spot of nearly two inches wide. "What is this?" said he; "nothing apparently but a substance analogous to a corn, as much the result of friction and undue pressure as are the torturing corns with which we are afflicted by unskilful bootmakers. We call it here the soldiers' spot, so common is it on the hearts of soldiers at our post-mortem examinations." With this condition of hypertrophy or unhealthy increase, there almost always exists dilatation of the heart, which gives rise to diseases of the valves and all the complications of chronic heart affections.

Those who are sceptical on the point may be apt to consider these statements as a little too sensational; but it is to be deplored that they are sad realities rather than deceptive exaggerations. There are two ways of showing the truth of Professor Maclean's views, and each is to our mind conclusive: examination into the construction, position, and weight of the present knapsack and its accompaniments, and reference to the statistics of the Netley Hospital. Have any of our non-military readers an idea of the encumbrance and inconvenience of an infantry soldier's knapsack? Do they know what weight of clothes, provisions, ammunition, &c., a soldier on the march, and going into battle, is laden with? We fancy not. Well, we will tell them. He has all his clothes, his field kit, his great coat, his canteen, sixty rounds of cartridge, seventy-five caps, a haversack, rifle, sling, bayonet, pack and straps, pouch, rations for three days, blanket, and water-bottle. Now this enormous accumulation weighs in all no less than *sixty pounds three ounces and a half*. A weight of over four stone and a half is no easy load to carry, even when packed and placed in the most convenient manner; but in the soldier's case the circumstances under which the burden is supported are the least favourable to the mechanical construction of the human machine, and in saying so we refer not merely to the support of the weight, but to the manner in which the appliances by which the load is attached press on the vital parts of the organism. The weight is so applied, that it is thrown out of the centre of gravity of the body, and thus entails a greater expenditure of muscular force than would be required under a better arrangement. This, however, is not the worst. The abominable shoulder straps are so situated that the weight of the pack is thrown upon the great nerves and arteries of the armpit, thus producing the most serious disasters. These results were vividly illustrated by Professor Maclean. Pointing to a soldier fully accoutred, he said, "When this man has marched for a few hours, his hands and arms will swell, grow numb and painful, and you will, in all probability, see a comrade pass his hands between the straps and the armpits, shake the pack thus, to give a few moments of ease and to change the points of pressure, our friend here doing a like turn to his neighbour." These, moreover, are not the only serious consequences we have to chronicle. The combined effect of the shoulder-straps and the waist and cross belts (both laden) is to completely prevent the movements of the ribs employed in respiration, and thus to trammel the usual efforts of breathing. This, under ordinary circumstances, would be objectionable enough; but what shall we say of it under the conditions imposed in war? Heavy labour involves heavy and rapid breathing and increased circulation. Here, however, while the physical exertion is inordinately severe, proportionate breathing is distinctly hindered, the blood recoils on the heart and the melancholy disease we have already referred to follows as a natural effect. The statistics of the



Netley Hospital tell us the same gloomy tale. The hospital was opened in March, 1863, and from that time to December, 1866, there were 5,500 patients seen in the medical division; of these the startlingly large proportion of 492 were cases of heart disease, most of them were men in the prime of life, and 463 were totally lost to the service—having been invalided.

It is, therefore, irrefutable that the present "regulation" pack is not only productive of the gravest inconveniences to the soldier, but is detrimental to his operation on the march and in the field, rendering him less efficient than his adversary, and is injurious to the pecuniary interests of the State, by reason of the extensive system of invaliding it necessitates. As an example of the state of inefficiency resulting from the existing "regulation" accoutrement, we may mention two facts quoted by Dr. Maclean. When Canada was lately invaded by the Fenian filibusters, the greater number of the latter escaped, because (according to the statement of an officer on the spot) the soldiers were so "overweighted, that, although eager to meet the enemy, they were too late." Again, some time ago, when the 98th Regiment disembarked for active service, Dr. Maclean states that "fifteen or sixteen men were lying stiff and stark on the hillside, struck down not by the enemy, but by the sun, powerfully aided by the obstruction to free respiration and circulation offered by their dress." These men were accounted according to "regulations," and yet in the face of these painful consequences nothing in the shape of reform has been effected. How long we may ask is this state of things to continue? What necessity exists for the display of cruelty and stupidity which those who approve of the present regulations are assuredly guilty of? Why need we convert our soldier into a badly-harnessed beast of burden because we want him to fight well? What possible object can there be in cramping the muscles of the neck, and conducing to apoplexy, by employing that instrument of torture, the stock; in putting an end to free breathing and circulation by means of a badly-constructed knapsack and absurd system of belts, or in making the soldier a sort of militant snail, who must needs go about everywhere with his household gods upon his back? We believe there is a committee on this subject now sitting at the Horse Guards, and we implore them in the interests of common humanity, no less than for the sake of the country and the exchequer, to consider the barbarous character of the existing regulations, and to substitute for the present ugly, cruel, and injurious accoutrements something more in accordance with the precepts of charity, and the teachings of military surgery.

#### TURVEYDROPS IN LITERATURE.

AMONG the wonderful host that crowds the canvasses of the greatest character-painter of the day—a host the infinite variety of whose components always moves our admiration and compels our applause—not the least curious are those out-of-the-way figures whom some of us have never met, but who are so lifelike and true in their drawing that they appeal to us all with the plaintive cry, "Are we not men and brothers?" Let us hasten to say that the great artist we allude to is Charles Dickens; and for the sake of those haters of strange names who have been shocked and nauseated by those two prominent public teachers, the *Lancet* and the *Daily Telegraph*, that the Turveydrop is not a variety of gregarines, nor of any *pediculus*, either *corporis* or *capitis*, but simply a distinct species of man, which bases its chief merit on Deportment. This species is met with everywhere; in society, of course; in the village circle or in the Pall-mall club; in the War Office or at the Rag and Famish; in science especially; in great knots and groups amongst the learned societies, and in art and literature. It is in the last sub-section chiefly that we would treat of him. The fecundity of the great professor who first traced a Turveydrop has struck others besides ourselves. The early translator of "Nicholas Nickleby" tells us that in his works he finds "un panorama mouvant de toutes les classes de la société Anglaise; une critique fine et piquante de tous les ridicules; un vaste composition ou mille personnages se mouvent et posent devant le lecteur." Now one of these personnages who also is "un ridicule" is Mr. Turveydrop, whom we meet in "Bleak House," and who shines upon us in all the lustre of Deportment. He is a fat old gentleman with a false complexion, and teeth, whiskers, and hair to match; he sports a fur collar, and has a padded breast, and only needs a star or a broad blue ribbon to be complete. He is "pinched in and swelled out, and got up and strapped down," as much as he can bear. He has a high-shouldered and round-elbowed state of elegance not to be surpassed. He has a cane, an eye-glass, a snuff-box, rings, wristbands, and everything but a touch of nature. He is always in a tight state, and stands doing nothing, except atti-

tudinize for his portrait. He is polite—overpoweringly polite, but from a sense of utter selfishness; not to please you, but to show how polite he can be. He calls upon every one to look at him, to see how grand he is, and how wonderfully the world admires him, and yet he sighs, because after him comes the deluge; when he dies, the race of gentlemen will be extinct. He believes, of course, that the world has degenerated; and the original Turveydrop had a sweet anecdote about George IV. inquiring who he was, and adding:—"Why the devil don't I know him; why hasn't he thirty thousand a year?"—which pleasing little anecdote he often repeats, and would always if he could. It is very refreshing to observe how the honest heart of the author or painter of this picture hates the reality he has conjured up. How he makes one character say she "should like to bite him," and how the artist touches and retouches the figure, and puts in the high lights, and hates him more and more, and makes the reader also despise him, till we feel like Quixote, ready to annihilate the puppets, and at that moment the writer stays his hand, and "wonders whether there were, or ever had been, any other gentlemen, not in the dancing profession, who lived and founded a reputation entirely on their deportment."

With this Parthian shot at his own profession Mr. Dickens quits the subject, and it is because, like him, we have "wondered" about these same Turveydrops, and have continually met with them, even at school, at college, and in what they term the great world, that we are anxious to explore further. There are many kinds of them. The original, the reader will remember, did nothing, but lived very comfortably on an active, energetic little wife, who worked herself to death for him, and afterwards on a son who was only too willing to do the same. But there are other and busier Turveydrops who do something, or claim something that some other man has done, which amounts to the same thing. We meet these gentlemen at school, where they put their son or sons, and generally manage, on the strength of their own deportment, to get the education afforded for nothing. When they bring the boy they impose upon the schoolmaster and the boys equally, and make as much fuss as if they were leaving Prince Arthur under the tutorial care of Dr. Gradus. They walk into the school when the classes are assembled, and, for no possible reason except for immediate popularity, beg a holiday, capping the request with some flabby and well-worn quotation, such as "Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo," of which they volunteer the translation. At college they are to be seen in conversation with don and proctor, or leading their tall son round the quadrangles with a pomposity which imposes upon the gips and the visitors. In church, for Turveydrop invades both church and chapel, the creature is also very great. He leads the service, and professes to be a miserable sinner louder than any one else; if he be ritualistic, and he has taken very kindly to the man-millinery movement, as indeed was to be expected, he retains those curious little money-bags which are handed round and drops his twopence as if he were the good Samaritan, and the pennies had now the fabulous value that they had of yore; if he be of the plainer kind, Broad or Low Church, he will hold the plate but give nothing, or drop in his silver tissue shilling as if it were a sovereign brand-new from the mint. If to these qualifications, being Sunday and holiday adornments, he adds a taste for letters, and here he comes more immediately into our province, he joins some learned society, and delights in putting F.S.A. after his name. Should he venture so high as to read a paper, "reading what he never wrote just fifteen minutes," it is, one need not say, a pompous production leading up to nothing, such as "The Domestic and Social History of the Inhabitants of Uriconium, their Laws, Customs, Religion, and Literature," based on a small portion of tessellated pavement; or he compares two widely different people from half an inch of textile fabric of the one, and a small portion of the jaw of another. He is nothing if not dogmatic; and is tyrannical and precise where no basis of opinion can even rest. In scientific literature he is equally great in vague matters, and has no manner of doubt where wiser spirits falter. In the belles lettres he is great, has his theory about the Husband of Juliet's Nurse, and has issued his pompous platitudes on the character of James Gurney, servant to Falconbridge, to whom Shakespeare has given but four lines, one twice repeated. Of course he has built up his theory of Shakespeare's inner life based upon a new reading of his sonnets, and airs himself as a "literary man," a kind of wit with lords, and a lord among wits in a surprising manner. Whether he ever has done a book or a pamphlet or no is a question not to be solved. No one ever looked for the production in the British Museum, that huge refuge for such rubbish; but the Turveydrop enjoys more fame than the real



author, and hints that the true and prolific writer, the representative of Johnson, Goldsmith, or Fielding, and such ordinary workers, does a great deal too much, and, indeed, works himself out. Of course, with Turveydrop the first book was the best, for practice only makes perfect in deportment, not in literature. When he is met in society, or at public dinners by the smiling author, who, modest man, sets down his ignorance of the great Pretender's works to his own busy life and want of knowledge, Turveydrop patronizes him with awful magnificence, and says, ah, I have heard of your books, Mr. Goose-quill, or, I have heard a distinguished friend speak of them. He is too great to have read them himself; a scurrilous broadside from a country wake, temp. Hen. VIII., is of more importance to him than Mill "On Liberty," or Lecky's "History of Rationalism." Another variety of Turveydrop by the mere force of deportment or by family favour, gets sometimes appointed critic on the *Great Leviathan*, or the *Arbiter*, that weekly standard of all that is great or good. It is, then, to be presumed that he gets the work done by an inferior hand and only receives the cheques, which he duly acknowledges by next post. But he probably does more than this, he "touches up" the humbler worker's copy and patronizes Dickens and Tennyson. "Go on, Prince; go on, my son," said the original Turveydrop; and the critic likewise permits the wretched author to proceed, giving all the world to understand that he could set him right, but he won't. "If young Mr. Tennyson," wrote such a one, of the most painstaking poet of the age, "will leave off lounging on the sofa and throw away his cigar, he may yet write poetry." This, we believe, was *à propos* of the "In Memoriam," every caesura and inflection of which has been carefully looked to. But, then, what a charming intimacy with the Laureate did not Turveydrop reveal? When the great man, driven possibly by envy, or it may be by sheer conceit, writes himself, he does strange things. It is only lately that he copied out the prefatory matter to an old edition of a history and sent it as a review to the *Leviathan*, where it was duly printed; and but yesterday he accomplished the wonderful feat of criticising Johnson's own preface to his Dictionary as new matter, and holding up to Turveydropian scorn the ignorant writer who had omitted to mention amongst dictionary makers the great lexicographer—the doctor himself. But it is not often that the world obtains so full a view of the great man—without his false teeth, false paddings, false hair, his snuff-box, rings, and wristbands. Poor authors know him very well: it is Turveydrop, who guts a book as a fire does a house, and serves up the firework as his own; it is he who takes all A's preface and pats the author on his back with his own learning, or finding for the first time that there are two sides to B's question from his own book, takes the opposite to B, and holds him up to scorn as a deceiver or deceived. Does not the poet know a Turveydrop article made up out of his own gems? and the novelist that which is lit up with his own sketches or dialogue? When a book is published of general and very ordinary interests, the gathering of Turveydrop critics is immense, they even condescend to flatter publishers for an early copy, and fob off a couple of columns of extracts and twenty lines of threadbare and worn-out remarks as an admirable review—and as such it is accepted by the public. As a leader writer the man is equally great; he deals in big words and small capitals, and his composition somewhat resembles pickled onions or cherry brandy—that is, it is a weak and slightly pungent liquid, with indigestible boluses lying thickly in it. But it is no food for the mind. Bold physiologists have lately dared to tell us that gin and pickles do not make muscle and fibre, nor flesh and blood. Neither does the Turveydropian article ever make a politician. However, some people think it is nice to read in large print, and so the man thrives. The climax of Turveydrop, when it comes not at a public institution or at the house of a literary lord, of whom there are now very few, and they are of the genus, is at a public dinner. There he is invited, there he is great, there his deportment and padding are seen to advantage. As old Turveydrop only stood before the fire a model of deportment, not even humming the tune while his son was fiddling, hopping, and dancing away for bare life, and yet the father had his name on the brass plate, so his literary representative stands up adorned with all the blushing honours of literature, while the real author humbly gazes at him. Then it is that Turveydrop condescendingly patronizes the great art, or protests, with that sweet reluctance which holds tightly the laurel crown while it pretends to push it back, that he is not an author. But postprandial shouts bear witness to the triumph of deportment, and with a fat smile spreading over his face as hot dripping on a duck-pond, the literary Turveydrop sits down in a *pose* humbly imitated from his illustrious model.

## FASHIONABLE SCEPTICISM.

THE number of "clever" people in society is daily increasing. It is difficult to find a young man of any parts whose friends do not regard him as a wit, and who is not certain to make dreary and desperate efforts to support the character. Now, as humour has fallen to a very low level, a little smartness and a study of comic newspapers and burlesques will go a long way in helping persons who aim at a facetious reputation. Ladies encourage the pursuit. Very often an ordinary and even thick-headed partner will render a quadrille pleasant by talking the current slang of cynicism, and inviting the exclamation immortalized by Thackeray of "Oh, Mr. Snob, how *can* you be so sarcastic!" Perhaps there is nothing in the world more amusing than the smirk of intense self-consciousness with which a remark of this kind is received. Mr. Snob is at least for five minutes a Rochefoucauld in his own estimation, although he endeavours to look somewhat penitent for the tremendous severity into which he has been tempted. Young ladies themselves are catching the habit. It must be said for them that they are almost obliged to have a weapon of defence against the unchivalrous liberty of manners and conversation to which they are not unfrequently liable. Therefore, perhaps they should be rather encouraged than reproved for practising repartees on vivacious noodles. But besides the weak toilet-vinegar with which the latter try to season their commonplaces, there is another affectation creeping in which is infinitely more mischievous and offensive. The publications of the day are everywhere replete with suggestive questionings upon the deepest mysteries of belief and philosophy. To those who can discriminate, the perusal of free opinions and their boldest expression can only be productive of benefit; but there are thousands who entirely misinterpret the cause of this movement, who are incapable of deriving good from it, and upon whom it works as a moral blight. They are prepared in the first place to associate Christianity with more or less of stupidity and want of "culture." This word "culture," which is fast becoming as intolerable as the word "genteel," was issued from no royal mint of thought, but from a private firm, which assumed the liberty given in some countries to extensive shopkeepers who are allowed to stamp coins with an advertisement from their own establishment. From culture in this sense to a sort of drivelling incredulity there is only one step. As long as both were confined within a narrow circle, watching the mental antics of the performers was simply amusing, but now that the influence has begun to spread and show itself, not only in debating societies, but in drawing-rooms, it is worth while to direct attention to the nature of the display. A little irreligion is becoming decidedly fashionable. Mr. Snob, instead of being flatteringly chidden for his sarcasm, now fishes for a compliment upon his materialistic notions. He perpetrates a large amount of nonsense under the name of Mr. Mill. He constantly pretends to have studied the works of that philosopher, and to have grounded his views upon them. Why Mr. Mill should be selected we cannot conjecture, but Mr. Snob will quote Mr. Mill to ladies whenever he wants to indicate the profound knowledge he has acquired. Now of all affectations this is surely the most monstrous and the most imbecile. An irreverent fool is an object not only to be laughed at, but to be, if possible, suppressed. His business is so easily got up, the harm he may do is so difficult to remedy, and the places which he chooses for airing his gibes are so hard of access for the purpose of correction, that almost the only means of approaching the impostor is to bring a general force of opinion to bear against him. Men of wide views, of keen intellects, with time at their command, and taste to prompt them towards such matters, have a right to be heard with respect, but there is far too much indulgence given to the Voltaire-and-water which emanates from stunted and imperfect minds. It is to be regretted that the profession of letters, and, to define closer, the profession of journalism, should have something to answer for on this head. There are reasons why literary occupation leads into a hard drift of thought which it is not necessary here to explain; but until lately there was seldom an obtrusion of this individual thinking, and writers treated, in a safe, conventional, and almost thirty-nine-article sort of manner, subjects upon which they now speculate with a boldness and a freedom for which we have no parallel in the literary history of England. This we believe was inevitable; nor would we sacrifice the critical method for a blind following of beaten tracks and listless subscription to every dogma invested with what is called authority. But, on the other hand, this method has its own dangers. It is premature yet to burn even the Pentateuch. It is a strange fact that as a rule philosophers do not make good citizens. Mr. Square is described by Fielding as forming



his principles upon the Platonic system, and we find him in the next chapter but one discovered in an intrigue with Molly Seagrim. We have some philosopher Squares yet amongst us, and it is amusing to notice the revilers of Omnipotence squabbling amongst each other, even as Lucian described the gods, intolerant as the fiercest bigots, vain as second-rate poets, and as credulous upon any subject, except religion, as the veriest old woman that ever nailed a horse-shoe against her door to keep off witchcraft. They are, as a rule, men who disappoint their friends, their wives, and their tailors, and who are always harping on themes to which only a small section of the public will listen.

"Their science groped from star to star,  
But than herself found nothing greater.  
What wonder? in a Leyden jar  
They bottled the Creator."

They possess a certain fascination for clever young men, and for young men who are not clever, but who desire to be thought so. The first take them up in the heat and curiosity of youth, measure them, find the sour sorry substitutes they offer as the gifts of intellect, and then drop them as worthless and desolate theorists. Mr. Snob, however, has an immense admiration for philosopher Square and his kind, with whom he *will* persist in confounding a really great thinker. Mr. Snob may be on the look-out for a salve to cover the rottenness of a foul libertinism, or he may only wish to show off to his acquaintances as a well-read gentleman. In either case he helps to disseminate a barren scepticism—barren of intelligence, barren of sense even, and resembling the chatter or the gambols of a monkey.

We trust we have distinctly indicated that we would give the fullest swing and play to opinion; but it is impossible to hear patiently a fellow with a comprehension equal perhaps to the manufacture of a pun, discoursing on topics which require both reason and conscience to speak clearly upon at all. A few years ago it was vulgar to introduce subjects of the kind into ordinary conversation; now muffins and materialism are not unfrequently associated, and instead of hearing "love in the abstract," as Sydney Smith said, discoursed at a dance, you may catch Mr. Snob retailing the last new thing disrespectful to belief. Frenchmen when wicked are witty; but a blasphemous Englishman is a very ungraceful object, even though he possesses as fine a capacity for blasphemy as Mr. Swinburne. If there was no other, or no worthier ground for protesting against unintelligent scepticism, we might stand upon this, that it is unsuited to our language, our habits, and our ideas. That when we take to it, it is in a clumsy, rough, and destructive style, altogether different from that airy and luminous incredulity of our French neighbours, who, from long practice and under superior masters, can beat us hollow in shrugging shoulders at the Deity. We fail, from want of courage or of education, or from the result perhaps of early impressions, in composing a neat and effective epigram upon God, such as any well-read French gentleman will turn you out at a moment's notice. Hence, for awhile at least, we might be modest in our efforts. We should recommend all ladies who have this fusty scepticism forced upon their notice to regard the gentleman who has puzzled himself with it as a person of exceedingly weak mind, afflicted with an abnormal amount of conceit and an overwhelming concern to seem above the rest of the company. If the publication of the stuff was followed by a wholesome judgment upon its author, we should have much less of it. The drawing-room sceptic is an animal deserving of no more consideration than the blackbeetle of the kitchen, and whoever gets the opportunity of setting a heel upon the creature should avail himself of the chance without the slightest remorse or compunction.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A DISTURBED condition of things is still visible in Italy. The Pope delivered a querulous allocution to the Consistory on the 22nd ult., in which he announced that, although the bishops are about to return to the Italian sees which have so long remained vacant, they will find the ecclesiastical treasures ruined, and themselves in want of the ordinary means of support. "What is still worse, they will find the stones of the sanctuary scattered, the asylums of religious perfection deserted, the inmates of the cloisters reduced to utter destitution, and the holy virgins expelled from the religious edifices where, with the help of God, they had retired to live and die in the arms of the heavenly Spouse." Nevertheless, the bishops are to return to their dioceses, where they will

be supernaturally sustained against "the enemies of God and the powers of darkness." This is the kind of language with which the Pope replies to the efforts of the Italian Government to pass a Bill which the country regards as only too much in the interest of the priests and the Vatican. The fact is, that the Ricasoli Cabinet is halting between two opinions, and offending both. There is much good sense in the suggestion to the Società Emancipatrice contained in a letter from Mr. Frederick Meyrick, M.A., of the University of Oxford, published in an Italian paper, that the members of that society should petition the Parliament and the Government, "first, to abolish all oaths of vassalage taken by the bishops to the Pope; and, secondly, to make it illegal for the bishops to interdict priests (who are still citizens of the State) until their crime has been proved by process at a legal trial." Mr. Meyrick considers these conditions indispensable, "if the formula of a free Church in a free State is not to mean a conspiracy of the Pope of Rome and his subordinates against the State;" and to some such opinion, we suspect, the Italian nation will come ere long.

IN the midst of this fruitless agitation, Garibaldi is again stirring. He has been to Florence and to Venice, and has not yet returned to Caprera. One rumour says that he is going to Crete to help the insurgents, who are still holding their own against the Turks; another, that he has a design on Rome.

THE Emperor has struck the most objectionable clauses out of the Press Bill, and it is thought that it will now pass muster. The Corps Législatif has been debating the concessions of January 19th, Viscount Lanjuinais having addressed certain interpellations on the subject to the Government. On two successive days, M. Jules Favre severely condemned the suppression of the address; but, on the other hand, M. Emile Ollivier, one of the Liberal deputies, though recently showing considerable inclination towards Bonapartism, spoke in terms of praise of the Imperial concessions. A nucleus of Liberal Imperialists seems to be forming, of which much might be made, supposing the Emperor to have determined on going still farther in the direction of reform. With respect to the opening of letters in search for the Count de Chambord's manifesto, the Government has been obliged to admit that the Prefect of Paris has no jurisdiction over the provincial Post Offices, and therefore acted irregularly in sending instructions to them; but that the Government has really a legal power to open letters, seems to be certain.

A HUNGARIAN Ministry has been formed under the Presidency of Count Andrassy, and it appears to be animated by a very amicable spirit towards Austria. At the beginning of the present month, the Emperor and Empress are to arrive at Pesth, and to receive a deputation from the Diet at the royal Castle of Buda. That the Moderate party are disposed to give them a good reception, is shown by a speech delivered by M. Deak at a conference of the members of the Deak Club, at which Count Andrassy made known the resolutions of the Emperor. On that occasion, Deak maintained that Hungary could not do without Austria, any more than Austria could do without Hungary. "Austria and Hungary," he is reported to have said, "must stand or fall together. Both have a necessity for common and united efforts to reach the level called for by the power of Austria, which is likewise important to Europe." All at present looks hopeful of a settlement; the chief danger is in some sudden return of Austrian fanaticism and folly. Croatia also may give some trouble; for the relations of that province with Hungary have always been a source of disagreement.

THE complete subjection of Saxony to Prussia is clearly shown in the military convention concluded between the two countries. It provides that, although the King of Prussia will not interfere in the internal administration of the Saxon army corps, any surplus remaining from the army estimates is to be paid into the Federal treasury. The Prussian Government will supply the arms; the corps will be inspected at least once a year by the King of Prussia, as Federal Commander-in-Chief, either in person or by deputy; all appointments of generals are to be subject to the approval of the Prussian monarch, who will appoint the chief officer of the corps, and also the fortress commandants; and all Saxon generals are to take the oath to the King of Prussia. Saxony can now only be regarded as an independent Power in name. She is effectually



manacled to the conquering nation in the North; and King John must be content to regard himself as simply a satrap of King William.

NOTHING can exceed the state of terrorism which now reigns in Spain. The slightest political offences are punished with death; the prisons are full; the spy system is at its height; secret denunciations are common; and the nation for the present lies helplessly at the feet of its oppressors. Yet the discontented find means to circulate clandestine publications, though not always without detection. A person recently discovered in the act of distributing one of them to the soldiers on guard at the Ministry of the Interior was shot after a summary conviction. The Queen seems determined to proceed to the extremest issues; yet even Spaniards may be provoked too far.

THE ill-feeling between Greece and Turkey continues, and the efforts of the former to remove the Greek volunteers from Crete have led to a collision between a Turkish and a Greek vessel, which might have ended in serious consequences, but that the Greek got off by a stratagem. The Cretans still speak of successes over the Turks, and Victor Hugo has written one of his rhapsodical letters to them, blaming "Europe" for not interfering. "Six or seven great Powers conspire against a little people. And what sort of conspiracy? The most cowardly of all—the conspiracy of silence. But the thunder is not in the conspiracy. The thunder comes from above, and, in political language, the thunder is called *Revolution*." It is this childish love of epigrammatic sugar-plums, and inability to estimate facts, which has always led to the miscarriage of French liberties. And yet there are some people who look upon Victor Hugo as a politician.

SOMEWHAT confused and fragmentary as it is, the news from America presents us with one fact of significance and importance—viz., that the Senate and the House of Representatives have agreed on the Bill for the government of the Southern States with respect to which they were for a time at issue. It is now settled that those States are to be governed by military officers, but only pending reconstruction on the basis of negro suffrage and the disfranchisement of prominent rebels. It remains to be seen what Mr. Johnson will do with this Bill; but he will probably veto it, when another struggle will commence. With respect to the impeachment of the President, it appears that the Judiciary Committee has decided not to report in favour of such a measure; but it is asserted that Congress will make the impeachment depend upon whether or not Mr. Johnson vetoes a Bill passed by the House of Representatives for the provisional government of Louisiana. The complication, therefore, is still very great, and the rising man in politics is said to be General Grant.

THE American Senate has passed a Tariff Bill even more oppressively Protectionist than the Bills of 1857, 1861, and 1864. It is possible, though not probable, that the House of Representatives may throw it out, or modify it; or Mr. Johnson may extinguish it by his veto. The duties on woollen manufactures, cotton hosiery, and manufactures of iron and steel, are really prohibitory; and the *Daily News* thinks that, if the Bill passes, "it will nearly mark the final term of American Protection," by disgusting the people with such an extreme interference with their right of buying in the cheapest market.

FROM Mexico, we hear of the defeat of Miramon (one of the Emperor's supporters), and of the escape of Juarez. Miramon would seem to have subsequently routed Escobedo, by whom he was himself worsted at Zacatecas; but the dates are imperfect and unclear, and the news altogether is confused.

It is said that Lord Russell has resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, which he resumed upon the death of Lord Palmerston, in favour of Mr. Gladstone. Virtually it has been Mr. Gladstone's ever since the popular statesman's decease, and only nominally and by courtesy Lord Russell's. According to the *Standard*, the Conservatives too will have to provide themselves with a new leader if the Government Reform Bill fails. In a brief notice of the meeting of Lord Derby's supporters on Monday, it says that, at the conclusion of his lordship's address, he remarked "that this was the last time he should attempt to deal with the question of Reform; and, should he fail now,

nothing would induce him, wearied and worn as he was with the responsibilities of political life, again to accept the onerous duties of the position he now occupies."

THE Bill for again suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland has been passed, a clause being added on the motion of Mr. Bagwell, providing that persons arrested under the Suspension Act shall be treated as untried prisoners. This arrangement seemed to give general satisfaction. But in the most harmonious gatherings there is always some ill-conditioned individual anxious to make what mischief he can. Major Knox, like a thorough Orangeman, seemed to regret that the Roman Catholic clergy have shown so much loyalty with regard to the Fenian agitation, and that the Government did not rather rely on "the loyal men in the north of Ireland." He was sorry, too, that the Habeas Corpus was not to be suspended for twelve months instead of three. But, above all, it wounded the feelings of this amiable gentleman that persons taken into custody were to be regarded as innocent until they were proved to be guilty. He regretted to hear Mr. Bagwell "calling upon the Government to treat these ruffians in a better way than prisoners for debt were treated in Ireland, and he trusted that the application would not be granted." Now the persons in question may or may not be "ruffians;" but they are not proved to be such by the mere fact of their arrest, any more than we should be justified in calling Major Knox a ruffian because he has given expression to a ruffianly sentiment. They may be excused, as he may, on the score of folly. And a few months' imprisonment may have as improving an effect upon them as it is to be hoped Mr. Bright's retort will have upon the major. "I hoped," he said, "that there had not been on that island (Ireland), or from that island, any man who could have stood up before the Imperial Parliament of this country, and expressed—I was about to say, and, if I were out of this house, I would say—such atrocious sentiments."

WHATEVER irregularity may have existed in the judgments of Jamaica courts-martial, the execution of the sentences of those tribunals seems in some cases to have been attended with cruelties of an utterly diabolical character. An Obieman named Arthur Wellington having been condemned to death, the execution of the sentence was committed to Colonel Hobbs. This officer seems to have considered the occasion one in which he might distinguish himself by effecting a saving of ammunition, and giving his soldiers an opportunity of indulging in target practice. The unfortunate wretch, who was to afford pastime to these representatives of the British army, was tied with his back to a tree, at about a distance of four hundred yards from the firing party. These arrangements to "test the power of the Enfield rifle at long range," and to secure a profitable discharge of "a large number of loaded rifles which had been wet in the river on the previous evening" having been completed, the sport commenced. The provost-sergeant in charge acted as marker and signalled the seventh shot as having passed through the rebel's throat, and the ninth or tenth as entering the heart or thereabouts. The majesty of the law having thus asserted itself, Colonel Hobbs entered into a correspondence with his commanding officer, in which he denies that there was any undue waste of ammunition, and expresses his conviction that the exploit was one which would add lustre and renown to the British army, and the 6th Royal Regiment in particular. It is quite as well that these facts should have appeared in official correspondence, as, coming from any other source, they would have been too horrible for belief.

WHETHER the Volunteers can be called out to suppress a civil disturbance was the subject of a conversation in the House of Lords on Monday, which, as far as we can understand the report, leaves the question a great deal more mystified than it was before. The late visit of the Fenians to Chester shows how requisite it is that all doubt upon this point should be removed. The Lord Chancellor says it is perfectly clear that it is unlawful to employ the Volunteers as a military force for the purpose of repressing a disturbance of the peace; but that, if they are called out as special constables, they may employ any organization they have received which will enable them to act more efficiently in that capacity, and may take their arms with them. This means that they may not be called out to act as Volunteers *eo nomine*, but that they may do so in fact, provided the precaution is taken of calling them special constables. Grant that, and the popularity of the force is at an end.



If the world is ever to be rid of the barbarous practice of duelling, the "affair of honour" which ended so fatally at Vienna a few days since ought to have that effect. One of those differences which almost invariably follow a campaign produced a meeting between Prince Bernhard of Solms and Count Wedel. The Prince, who went to the ground with the determination not to fire, was placed at a distance of about thirty-five paces from his adversary. The opponents were directed to walk each ten paces to spots marked by the sabres of the seconds, and then to fire. Prince Solms advanced and stood still presenting his full front to his adversary, who, after a moment's hesitation, drew the trigger of his pistol, and the Prince, receiving the bullet in the centre of his chest, fell senseless to the ground. Count Wedel does not deny the accuracy of his aim, but throws all the blame upon the precision of his pistol. It is odd to hear a man say, "I did all in my power to kill my opponent, but my pistol ought not to have seconded my efforts." It is to be hoped that the strong feeling which is said to exist against Count Wedel may induce those who entertain it to question the existence of the line which separates duelling from murder.

SOME time ago, a novel, the "Black Band," was announced in the *Halfpenny Journal*, by Lady Caroline Lascelles. As there is only one titled family of this name in England, most people, who did not actually read the story, supposed that it was written by Lady Maud Caroline Lascelles, sister to the present Earl of Harewood. The real author, however, appears to be Miss Braddon. We believe that the title of baronet may be assumed by anybody without any legal penalties, but we do not know whether it is an offence against the law to assume not merely the title of an earl's daughter, but of one who is in existence. Probably Miss Braddon thinks that, as the Government does not bestow titles on authoresses, she must bestow them on herself. Baroness Braddon, in her own right, would, we think, sound very well indeed.

A NUMBER of what may be termed chronic medical students attended St. James's Hall last week for the purpose of insulting a lady. Those are the sort of personages who are periodically pronounced incapable of passing their examinations, and who continue to walk the hospitals as a slight relief from their more congenial occupation of walking the streets at night, and frequenting cheap and nasty places of amusement. The gentlemen who are studying medicine in London should call a meeting to protest against being in any way identified with fellows of this kind; and it would be desirable if the magistrates were empowered to give them a little hard labour for the pains they are at to bring an honourable profession into disgrace.

A MEASURE, intended to be inimical to the "Bears" and "Bulls" of commerce, but which, if passed, is likely to fall harmless at the feet of those animals, has been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Leeman. The Bill proposes that no contract for the sale or transfer of shares in joint-stock banks should be valid unless such contract be in writing, and designate the shares by their numbers on the register. The invalidity of the contracts is scarcely likely to have much effect upon the movements of the "Bears" and "Bulls," who would find it far from convenient to break faith with one another in taking advantage of such an Act of Parliament. If "bearing" in joint-stock banks be made illegal, why is an offence against the law to be free of the punishment which attends upon other crimes?

A BULLION robbery of a very mysterious character is just now occupying the attention of the Thames police. The Messrs. Rothschild having occasion to remit a large quantity of money in specie to Rotterdam, put on board a steamer, the *Waterloo*, twelve cases of silver, weighing two hundredweight each, which having been duly placed in the hold of the vessel, the hatches were fastened down with iron bars and locked, the mate of the steamer retaining the key. In addition to these precautions, two men were on watch on deck during the night, and they assert that they never deserted their posts. In the morning it was discovered that two of the cases had been stolen, and that the thieves had got clear off with their spoil. How the affair was managed has yet to be discovered; but no doubt it will turn out to have been a very simple matter after all.

A BILL has been introduced into the House of Commons to reduce the duty paid by attorneys on their certificates to an

annual payment of the nominal sum of 5s. The Bill is chiefly remarkable for having elicited from Mr. Bass the statement that he pays in the license duty on brewers more than that borne by eleven or twelve hundred attorneys or solicitors. This much-taxed brewer was of opinion that he had a far stronger cause of complaint and claim for relief than the attorneys. But he failed to see that the quality of a tax upon brewers is like the quality of mercy,—it blesses him who pays it and him who takes it. Would Mr. Bass relish such a reverse of fortune as would reduce his license-duty to the certificate-duty of twelve attorneys instead of twelve hundred? Some people are never satisfied.

On the motion of Major Anson, a select Committee is to be appointed to inquire into the duties performed by the British army in India and the colonies, with reference to the possibility of employing portions of the Indian army in our colonial and military dependencies. General Peel doubts whether the colonies which now pay for British troops will be content to have them replaced by Sepoys. But Mr. Laing assured the House that we have in India a reserve of martial force in the Sikhs, Ghorkas, Pathans, and Beloochees, as good, if not better, than Cossacks or Turcos. That may be, but that such guardians, unless they in their turn are guarded, will be acceptable to Englishmen in our colonies, is very doubtful.

MR. BEALES is the political counterpart of Mr. Whalley, and is doing his best to make Reform ridiculous. The political mountebank, however, is worse than the polemical. He and his friends, at their meeting on Wednesday, plainly hinted that, if Parliament does not give them what they want, they will take it. This is Fenianism in an English dress. They must have manhood suffrage, or they will "ride over" us, or have recourse to something to which Mr. Beales says it would be much better that they were not driven to have recourse. They are proving by their violence the necessity for caution in this matter of Reform. They are disgusting friends and strengthening enemies.

MR. NEWDEGATE has had an attack of scarlet fever, the symptoms being publicly exhibited by him in the House on Monday night. As the display was more or less instructive, we do not quarrel with Mr. Newdegate for assuming as it were the office of a political Helot. On Tuesday he repeated the performance in the columns of the *Times*. Mr. Newdegate is more mischievous than Mr. Whalley, because he is not altogether so silly; but if he perseveres it is possible that by the end of the session Mr. Whalley will make over his cap and bells to Mr. Newdegate.

PENRITH has been the scene of an accident remarkable even in the variety and abundance of railway casualties. On Tuesday last a luggage-train from Manchester to Carlisle carried, amongst other goods, a large quantity of gunpowder, and it would appear that some of the connecting gearing of the waggons having broken produced a friction which ignited the powder. The explosion, however, took place at a most unfortunate time—just as a train from Penrith was passing the luggage train. The engine-driver and stoker in the passing train were instantly killed, several of the carriages were shattered, and the greater portion of the train converted into a huge bonfire. Had the explosion occurred a minute sooner or later, it might have entailed no loss of life.

WHAT reason can Mr. Disraeli have for enfranchising Torquay, whose inhabitants are more like swallows than householders? Can he possibly have given it this political privilege in pious memory of Mrs. Williams, who, although unconnected by any ties, left him, if we rightly remember, a large legacy?

#### [ADVERTISEMENT.]

ST. STEPHEN'S, WESTMINSTER.—MALE CHILD DESERTED.—Found under the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, late on the night of February 26, a male child about a fortnight old. Has dark Caucasian eyes, and thirteen marks on his right arm. Had on a new fancy silk shirt beautifully embroidered, and marked with an earl's coronet, and was wrapped up in an old coat, in the lining of which a deposit note for thirty pounds in the Aylesbury Savings Bank was sewn.



## OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

SOME real efforts have been made to lessen the dangers of those who go boating on the river. It is true that the Thames Conservancy recommends very strongly the material alteration of the bed of the Isis, and the securing of a channel of uniform depth, without the interruption of a lock, from Osney, above Oxford, to Sandford, some four miles below it; but they are not likely to propose a shallow stream, which would interfere with the navigation of heavy barges, so that any safeguards which are established must be all of our own doing. The appointment of river police, under the authority of certain curators, has been the first move in the right direction, and the proposal is also warmly canvassed that a swimming-bath of large size should be erected by the University, where swimmers might enjoy themselves in privacy, and where non-swimmers might learn to swim. Possibly if such an institution were founded, there might be means of regulating the presence of non-swimmers on the river, and restricting the pursuit to those who held the certificate of the Professor of Natation. We give this title *ore rotundo*, because we can quite believe that there will be a difficulty felt in assigning subjects to the professorial chairs yet to be established, and there will be novelty in introducing the useful instead of the ornamental. As to the qualifications for this "Companion of the Bath," we are unable to speak, but judging from some well-known precedents we should imagine that chronic hydrophobia will be a *sine quâ non*.

The Regius Professor of Modern History, Mr. Stubbs, gave us his inaugural lecture a week or so ago. As a rhetorical composition it has been admired, but some of his hearers were surprised to find so many patent allusions to his predecessor, Mr. Goldwin Smith, whom he seemed to consider what Mr. Disraeli boldly declared him to be—"a wild man." *Apropos* of Mr. Goldwin Smith's *wildness*, we would remark by the way that it was described as the natural result of an existence in the seclusion of an Oxford "cloister," which is a very good word wherewith to point a moral and adorn a tale; but Mr. Goldwin Smith's cloister turns out to be a comfortable dwelling-house, overlooking the new parks, and frequented by many visitors of mark, not only by fellow monks from other cloisters. But to return to Mr. Stubbs: he is understood to have registered a solemn protest once for all against anything resembling a philosophy of history; we may accumulate and tabulate facts to any extent, but we must beware of deducing theories from them or establishing historical principles upon them. This is a little disappointing—but it is undeniably "safe."

With respect to the Poetry Professorship, the Hebdomadal Council refuses to take any steps whatever to alter the present restrictions to the appointment; so those who were sanguine that Mr. Robert Browning might receive the M.A. degree and be able to enter the lists as a candidate, must understand that it is not to be. We believe that there would have been a precedent for the act, for, if we mistake not, our present Professor of Entomology became eligible for the Chair by a similar concession on the part of the University. The newest candidate for the Professorship is said to be Mr. E. H. Plumptre, who certainly has the claims of a scholar, a critic, and a poet in a higher walk than any of the present field. Mr. Tyrwhitt has sent round some "Fragments" to the various Common Rooms, and Dr. Kynaston has handed in a more or less complete edition of his "Opera Omnia" to his own society. This seems to be pushing the principle of competitive examination, which is quite a feature of the day.

Only one more word about Professors. Mr. Mansel consents, notwithstanding his change of position, to give a course of lectures on "Socrates"—an offer which has given rise to the epigrammatic question, "Is it his old friend Socrates, the philosopher, or his new acquaintance, Socrates Scholasticus, the ecclesiastical historian?"

There are some changes and improvements imminent in our Oxford buildings. Dr. Collis, of Bromsgrove School, writing to the *Guardian* and other papers, makes the following "modest suggestions," as he calls them, for these alterations. The first is a new site for the Examination Schools, which, having had notice to quit the present Bodleian Quadrangle, are to be located on the site of the late Angel Hotel, as your readers have already learned. Another plan was to transfer them to the Old Clarendon, as suggested by the Bodleian librarian. But, says Dr. Collis,

"A better one, in my opinion, would be to pull down the Old Clarendon, and make a second Quadrangle, extending from the present schools and covering the space between them and the Old Clarendon and the ground occupied by the latter building. The new Quadrangle

might harmonize with, without copying the debased architecture of the present one.

"*Second improvement.* As (thanks to the liberality of a certain lady—is it not so?) Balliol is to have a new front, let Trinity pull down those wretched cottages opposite Exeter, build a new range of rooms in the shape of a reversed T, the shorter limb of which would range with Balliol and Kettle Hall, and harmonize with this lovely relic of old times. The fact that the old hearse-like chapel of Trinity, with its coach-box and plumes, would be reserved for the exclusive delectation of Trinity men's eyes would be no great grief to the University at large.

"*Third improvement.* If objection be made to removing the Old Clarendon, with its associations of the past, then let the University exchange the site of the Angel for the houses in Broad-street from Kettle Hall to the corner near Holywell, and round to the back gates of Trinity Gardens. That would make a noble site for the new Examination Schools; and as you have got grand specimens of the works of Scott and Butterfield, try Burges, the restorer of Worcester College Chapel, and the architect of Cork Cathedral, or Street, and see what they would make of such a site.

"*Fourth improvement.* Carry out Wadham to Holywell, pulling down, or converting into rooms, the King's Arms Hotel.

"*Fifth improvement.* Extend Magdalen Hall laterally, by a second and detached quadrangle, on the opposite side of New College-lane, and across the end of Broad-street as far as Holywell, and call it Hertford College.

"*Sixth improvement.* Bring B. N. C. into High-street, by abolishing the corner shops near St. Mary's.

"*Seventh improvement.* Carry out St. Mary Hall into High-street, with the Principal's lodgings and a good entrance opposite St. Mary's.

"*Eighth improvement.* Treat St. Edmund Hall in the same way. A good frontage there would serve to carry on the noble line of buildings from B. N. C. to Magdalen.

"*Ninth improvement.* Rebuild New Inn Hall."

This work may take some little time to do, and may be a valuable advertisement for Mr. Burges or Mr. Street; but when it is completed, "these nine improvements of existing buildings . . . would give a grand extension to the University, and add . . . materially to its architectural beauty;" that is to say, when we add thereto Keble College, "to which," says Dr. Collis, "I am a subscriber." It is stated in various organs—the *Record* and the *Churchman* being, we think, two of them—that the Principalship of that institution will be conferred on the Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, M.A., student of Christ Church. We do not profess to doubt the authenticity of the information, or to suppose that a more suitable head could be found; but we have yet to learn how it is that the trustees have already chosen their man, and also published their choice. However, we shall soon know with greater certainty before very long, as it is understood that the building will be commenced with sufficient funds for the mere brick and mortar, without waiting for the unnecessary details of an endowment.

The Roman Catholic establishment to be erected in this city is understood to be a branch of the Birmingham Oratory, though whether under the superintendence of Father Newman or not seems to be matter of uncertainty. At present the only chapel for worshippers of that persuasion is inconveniently situated at the Headington end of St. Clements. We ventured to express an opinion in our last letter, that such an establishment might prove to be a "safety valve to some of our young ritualists." These words have called forth a protest from a gentleman who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Young Ritualist." He does us the justice of saying, that we have been careful not to offend the religious opinions of any party, but he feels that on the present occasion we have trodden on his corns. We regret it sincerely—so sincerely that we forgive his interpretation of the phrase, "a safety valve." But he has said nothing to make us wish to withdraw our words. He seems to us to be one of those who recognise no danger in the importation of a Romanizing ritual—in which case we should be loath to retract our warning,—or, otherwise, to be one of those stronger spirits who can walk safely on the razor-edge, and find it secure footing—in which case we congratulate him. But we beg to assure him that we have no thought of accusing any party or any individual of hypocrisy; but that all "young ritualists" have outgrown all weakness and pliability, we should not like to commit ourselves to say. If we tone our remarks down to suit his views, we shall fall out with those whom he calls "Protestant papas and mammas," and *vice versa*. We are content to leave the question as it stands, rather than to be drawn into a "religious discussion," as it is called.

We are also asked to do another act of justice. On the authority of the *Times*' report, we gave a short account of the bankruptcy of an undergraduate and his dealings with Mr. L. Solomon, a jeweller, &c., of Oxford. The bankrupt is reported to have represented his transactions with Mr. Solomon as a form of money lending; to this we are requested to give Mr. Solomon's denial in the following words, which seem to have more the flavour of Erin than of Palestine—"it is



intirely untrue." This is decisive. He further writes:—"Also you stated that he gave me £41 for a watch the goods I sold him for £41 I enclose invoice please not to forget to publish as pur paper every article separte as I enclose invoice." So be it.

	£	s.	d.
"July 19.			
Gold English lever, capped and jewelled.....	19	0	0
Cold. gold albert .....	12	12	0
Gold seal and locket .....	1	10	0
Cold. gold locket .....	2	10	0
Cold. gold ring .....	2	10	0
Cold. gold sardonic ring .....	3	10	0
Cigarettes .....	0	2	6"

We still think that the salesman had a good day of it on July 19. But we still more congratulate the customer on his having been (once, at any rate) the possessor of a *sardonic ring*. A sardonic smile and a Mephistophilean laugh we have seen and heard, but Mr. Solomon's customers are more fortunate.

Among minor Oxford changes we must chronicle a movement commenced in Christ Church and likely to be adopted by other colleges, namely, the withdrawal from the boards of the screaming farce, "Collections," and the substitution for it of the legitimate drama, in one act, called "Annual Examination." We wish the play every success.

The last innovation is that the Principal of New Inn Hall announces that his doors are no longer open to refugees. The "Tavern" has so long fed upon this fuel that we await anxiously the lighting of the fires at this new house-warming.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

THERE are no contributions to the public press of this country more divided in their aim, and therefore more easily misinterpreted, than those of the modern art-critic. While he does full justice, according to the light which is in him, to the painter, sculptor, or musician whose work he is describing, he is bound to interest his reader. With a limited vocabulary of technical phrases, he has to ring the changes, intelligibly, on a hundred various themes. When he should be analytical, he is expected to be epigrammatic; when he ought, in common charity, to be brief, he is expected to be diffuse. He must be honest without being discourteous. He must sink individual tastes in a just appreciation of universal excellence. Finally, he has to take cognizance of a dozen good or bad conditions of execution and sentiment, where the uneducated amateur imagines he has to deal with one alone; and all this within the narrow limits of a newspaper article, scarcely sufficient to contain more than a dry catalogue of the objects which he is supposed to examine with equal attention.

There are many pictures in the Dudley Gallery about which it seems unfair to speak in general terms, but which, from sheer want of space, it is impossible to criticise in detail. The "Tobias" (91) and "Magnificat" (156) of Mr. A. B. Donaldson represent a case in point. No one will deny that this painter possesses a singleness of purpose in his art, considerable taste in composition, and a solidity of handling which now and then rises to the level of real power. But there is little evidence of refinement in his work; and in estimating its value from the texture of his draperies up to his general treatment of the human form, one is reminded more of the artist's palette than of the poet's mind. Why were painters of Mr. Hayllar's calibre ever tempted to waste their energies on such a ridiculous subject as that which he has chosen for illustration in the work numbered 103 in the catalogue? Has childhood no charms to attract without calling in the aid of the modern milliner? Can its simplicity be suggested in no better way than by quoting the lisped nonsense of the nursery? The portrait of an infant in a blue silk dress tottering down the last step of a staircase, under the title of "Now dew all turn and tee me dump," is precisely the sort of art which would command the admiration of a sentimental housemaid.

Mr. George Hall sends a delicate and beautiful drawing of "Perran Sands, Cornwall" (109). Cloud, wave, and shore are here in turn rendered with unerring accuracy; yet there is neither obtrusion of detail nor any striving after exceptional effect. It is all pure nature—but nature full of that poetry which the painter alone can express.

Miss Louise Rayner's view in the Cow-gate, Edinburgh (108), reminds us of Prout's broad and vigorous treatment of architectural subjects. It is one of the best of this lady's exhibited works.

"Bed-time" (115) is a cottage scene, by Mr. John Burr, with a child praying at its mother's knee. The theme has been so woefully hackneyed, and its treatment even here so belies the probabilities of real life (witness the thoroughly artificial action of the woman's half-raised hand), that nothing but high artistic qualities could redeem such a picture from the rank of commonplace. But those qualities are not wanting. It is painted with great care, with consummate skill, and, so far as execution is concerned, in excellent taste.

Under the title of a homely proverb Mr. Raymond Tucker introduces us to a little episode of rustic life (116), which from time immemorial painters have delighted to transfer to canvas, but which, we humbly submit, ought never to appear there at all. Many an honest fisherman has wooed and won his sweetheart on the breezy coast of Devon and elsewhere, but not after this sentimental fashion. The very fidelity of the costume, and the accessories of the landscape, most conscientiously painted, only serve to make the action of the figures by contrast more unreal. And such pictures as these depend entirely on reality for their attraction.

We have long considered Mr. J. C. Moore's Italian views among the most faithful and artistic landscapes which have been ever brought back from the South. The "Claude's Villa on the Tiber" (122), "Olive Trees near Tivoli" (97), are modest but charming examples of his skill. The "View of Florence from the Road to St. Miniato" (226) is not only admirable as a work of art, but from its topographical accuracy interesting to those who remember how soon the present capital of Italy must change its suburban aspect.

Miss Spartali gives the name of "Korinna" (151) to the study of a female figure, whose likeness will be recognised in more than one work upon the walls. We cannot congratulate the artists who have chosen this model. The features in themselves appear to be anything but well proportioned, and by an unhappy fatality, those who have attempted to portray them have failed in the drawing. 160 is a thinly-painted but careful and artistic study of Egyptian architecture at Karnac by Mr. Frank Dillon.

The "eye-picture" in this gallery, and one which from its size, careful painting, and general merit, well deserves the place of honour, is by Mr. James D. Linton. It is a group of two figures—a girl seated at an organ, with her youthful lover bending over her. Their costume, taken in conjunction with the character and design of the instrument before them, make it a little difficult to fix the supposed date of the scene, but "subject," as we all know, has long since gone out of fashion, and in the present instance is of little import. The picture—if not of the highest order of art—is full of many charming qualities, and as for execution, since the exhibition of the "Black Brunswicker," no robe of white satin can compare with that in which Mr. Linton's heroine is dressed.

Mr. S. Solomon is one of that rising school of young artists who set less value on a merely pretty face, than on that sober ideal of feminine beauty which it is their aim to put before us in the chastest possible key of colour. The lady of the "Myrtle Blossoms" (177), is excellently painted, and of far more attractive physiognomy than the type of her sex usually selected by Mr. Solomon for portraiture.

Of a very different class of art—and yet one which cannot fail to attract notice by its cleverness—is Miss Adelaide Claxton's "Moonshine" (196). A child is stealing downstairs into the basement story of a now humble tenement, but once fashionable mansion, while the ghosts of past greatness—high-heeled, patched, and powdered ghosts of the last century—flit by in courtly flirtation. These latter figures are faintly indicated in body colour, and the effect produced is not unlike what some of our readers may have seen on stereoscopic slides of the supernatural kind. If we remember rightly, Miss Claxton sent a similar subject to the same gallery last year, and we presume that this is its companion picture.

Mr. Leslie's "Little Bit of Scandal" (210), and "Reading the Spectator," by Miss Juliana Russell (221), are both skilfully rendered little scenes from life in the last century. "On the Look-out" (195) is a small, barely-finished, but nevertheless effective study of a ruddy urchin perched on the summit of a shore-rock, and looking seawards—from the brush of Mr. S. J. Hodson.

Mr. James Playfair, an artist whose name is as yet scarcely known to fame, sends a very sweet and unconventionally handled study of a female figure dressed in white satin trimmed with purple velvet, and relieved by a background of old tapestry. The modest price affixed to this drawing (186) leads us to suppose that the painter is still young. If this be the case, we may expect much from him hereafter. The "Coast Scene" (215), by Mr. F. Talfourd, with its lonely stranded boat and misty distance, is another instance of the poetry which may be expressed with simple materials by an artist who is content to look honestly at the facts of nature, and base his ideal on them rather than on conventional notions of "effect." "Cordelia's Portion" (249).—The sign and subject of this picture, to say nothing of the name of its author, Mr. F. Madox Brown, are sufficient to attract attention. It is the most important figure-painting in the room. We cannot add that it is the most successful. On the contrary, we find many works of less pretence, not only more carefully, but far more artistically handled. The elements of its design may be briefly described as half ideal and half naturalistic. Its composition is arranged with all the formality of a decorative painting; but the heads bear painful evidence in more than one instance of having been directly studied from nature. We say this, not because, even if they had been all absolute portraits, they could not be interesting, but because they have been neither well selected nor well studied. Whether the stout middle aged, red haired, high complexioned dame, who is standing in the left of the picture, be Goneril or Regan, we cannot say; but a coarser type of princess it would be impossible to conceive. Whether the very remarkable looking young lady on the right hand of the king be his daughter or not may be doubtful, but there can be no reasonable doubt that her features are out of drawing. Seriously, we regret that an artist of Mr. Madox Brown's position should challenge criticism by exhibiting a work which, although it may here and there display points of excellence, is so much at fault both in taste and execution.



Mr. Vicat Cole's "Holmbury Hill" (274) is a good specimen of that school of landscape which consists in a mere transcript of nature under its most positive and unidealized aspect. Nothing is left suggested by the imagination. Every blade of every fern-leaf, every inch of that heather-crested bank, bathed in sunshine or striped with purple shadows, is mapped out before us with a marvellous accuracy, which is certain to attract the uneducated amateur. But does this appeal to the highest order of æsthetic taste? Not if we may believe those who have made the poetry of art their chiefest study. Not so long as the ideal holds its own in the domain of human thought.

#### MUSIC.

MADAME SCHUMANN again justified the praise bestowed on her by her admirers by the splendid performance at last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert of Beethoven's great pianoforte concerto in E flat, a work which has the importance and grandeur of a symphony rather than the ordinary character of a piece designed for the display of individual executive powers. The majesty and sublimity of the first movement, the elevated pathos of the adagio, and the mingled brilliancy and dignity of the final rondo, render this work unparalleled even by the other great concertos of Beethoven. The characteristics of such a work are not to be imparted to an audience by mere mechanical execution, however accurate; and accordingly, it is seldom that we hear it interpreted in a style at all commensurate with its capabilities and the composer's intention. The mere recital of the finest poetry, however intelligible and correct the pronunciation, will raise but little emotion in the hearer unless coupled with elocutionary power and a sympathetic appreciation of the spirit of the work presented. These qualities Madame Schumann possesses in a greater degree, probably, than any pianist since Mendelssohn, and hence her interpretation of the high imaginings embodied in Beethoven's pianoforte music is such as can scarcely now be heard from other hands. Madame Schumann's reception at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, as indeed wherever she has appeared during her present visit to England, was enthusiastic. Besides the concerto she played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" in E, with a fire and vivacity that were almost as admirable as the earnest dignity which she imparted to the more serious work of Beethoven. The encore which Mendelssohn's sparkling work called forth was responded to by Madame Schumann playing the same composer's "Liednewörte" in A (No. 6 from Book V.).

Last Monday's Popular Concert introduced a specimen by a composer who has been long talked of in Germany, but is scarcely known, even by name, in this country. Johannes Brahms, a native of Hamburg, and still a young man, was first brought into prominent notice by the extravagant encomiums written by Schumann thirteen or fourteen years since. Brahms is a disciple of that modern school of German musical art which discards the established forms and proportions of composition, in apparent emulation of the grand abstractions of Beethoven and the poetical reveries of Schubert; ignoring the fact that such departure from classical precedent is only to be justified by the exceptional force of genius or luxuriance of imagination which characterized the two composers just mentioned. To a genius like that of Beethoven, which was essentially sublime in all its manifestations, a certain degree of indefiniteness necessarily belongs; since such vast mental workings can never be altogether subjected to the constraint of form and precedent. Schubert again, although not approaching Beethoven in vastness and sublimity, possessed a luxuriance of imagination, an abundance of poetical imagery, which fully justify the somewhat wayward, capricious, and, it must be admitted, sometimes over-prolonged construction of his larger works. But if every ambitious tyro is to be permitted to ape these external characteristics without a fragment of the power or genius of his models, music will become a chaos of prolonged mauling bearing about the same proportion to high art as a November fog to a June sunshine. Even Schumann's works contain many evidences of this effort without adequate power; but are, nevertheless, generally acceptable from their frequent irradiations of genius and beauty. With his imitators however, and Herr Brahms seems to be one, the case is widely different. Not that the Sestet now referred to is destitute of merit,—there are occasional agreeable passages, but these are far too scarce and unimportant to justify a work of such length and pretensions; an author may have powers sufficient for the production of a smoothly-written sonnet, but quite insufficient to excuse his perpetration of an epic.

That excellent professor, Sir George Smart, died on Saturday last, at the age of 90. No member of the musical profession ever earned higher regard and respect than Sir George Smart won by his great business talents, unfailing punctuality, and honourable character. During a great portion of his long life he had the conduct of the most important of our musical celebrations, besides having been the instructor of many eminent public singers.

#### THE LONDON THEATRES.

An air of decided artistic novelty has been imparted to an old and somewhat worn-out form of entertainment—the performance à la Mathews the elder—by a German mimic with extraordinary

facial powers, named Ernst Schulz, who made his first appearance before the English public last Monday night at the Egyptian Hall. Herr Schulz eclipses all his predecessors in the facility with which he represents nearly fifty types of character, sometimes by facial expression alone, at other times by facial expression aided by a few ingenious contrivances. His study of faces has evidently been very minute, and the flexibility of his own face is something remarkable. He appears to have all the pliability of those *gutta-percha* heads which, under a gentle pressure, can be made to assume an infinite variety of aspects. His entertainment begins with a series of portraits illustrating the temperaments—the sanguine, the choleric, the melancholic, &c. These are represented without any external aid, and are followed by a short lecture on the "physiology of the beard," in which the illustrations are chiefly formed by shadows thrown upon the face from side and footlights concealed behind a table, and regulated by the hands and feet of the performer. A more ingenious and effective contrivance has never been brought before the public, and some of the changes, assisted as they are by the wonderful facial elasticity of Herr Schulz, are as startling as they are humorous. All the known varieties of beards, whiskers, and moustaches are exhibited, one after the other, with most amusing fidelity. The third part of the lecture consists of an exhibition of large character-portraits, taken from an album, the performer supplying the face of each figure by thrusting his countenance through a hole left in each picture. The lecture, which is slight, explanatory, occasionally funny, and never tedious, concludes with several solid half-portraits of "types of race," in which the performer seeks the aid of dress as well as of tinted lights. The whole representation is so novel, so neat and artistic, and so clever, that it deserves to be as popular in London as it has been in Germany.

"The Family Legend," which was revived at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment some time back, is to be withdrawn at the end of next week, in order to prepare the new entertainment, a Venetian story, by Mr. T. W. Robertson. The scenery is by Mr. W. Telbin and Mr. John O'Connor.

The Aztecs, after an absence of fourteen years, are again before the public, in what they call their "Grand Fashionable Receptions."

#### SCIENCE.

In a note on "Une Méthode Générale de Cristallisation," read by M. Fremy, before the Academy of Sciences, the author suggests that the cause of the amorphous or non-crystalline form of bodies, is the rapidity of the precipitations and decompositions by which they are produced, and that could he effect these changes slowly, imitating the processes of nature, he would be equally successful in obtaining bodies in a crystallized state. To effect this object, M. Fremy separates solutions of bodies which act on each other by porous diaphragms, or partitions formed of wood, unglazed porcelain, or unsized paper; by this means the decomposition that ensues is rendered slow, and always produces crystallized bodies. The porous vessels allow the liquid which they contain to run out slowly, and beautiful crystallizations are found in the interior of the vessels when the liquid has left them. He thus obtains insoluble bodies in a crystallized state, often of very perfect forms, such as sulphate of barytes, sulphate of strontian, carbonate of barytes, borate of barytes, chromate of barytes, magnesia, sulphur, &c. M. Fremy tried to apply the method to the alkaline silicates by submitting them to the action of certain acids in porous vessels, with the hope of obtaining quartz, or crystallized silica, which is so common in nature. Slowly decomposing they have formed white crystalline masses, hard enough to scratch glass. These experiments confirm the provisions of M. Chevreuil, who, to explain the presence of oxalate of lime in certain plants, supposed that a soluble oxalate slowly traversing the coating of a vegetable cell, or of a bundle of fibres, could react on a calcareous salt found in a cavity, and give birth to crystallized oxalate of lime. "I believe," says M. Fremy, in conclusion, "that the method which I have published, will permit all bodies which are found crystallized, whether in the earth or in organic tissues, to be artificially reproduced, and consequently that it will afford us much useful knowledge respecting their modes of production." Up to the present time M. Fremy's success in the production of crystals, and especially crystals of silice, appears to be inferior to that achieved by Andrew Cross, by the employment of the very slow electric currents.

M. Charles Robin has presented a note to the Academy of Sciences, "On the Healthy and Morbid Fluids of the Human Body," accompanying the presentation of his long expected work on this subject. In the view of M. Robin the liquids of the body, like the solids, consist of two orders, perfectly distinct both anatomically and physiologically; or, in other words, in their composition and in their properties. One belongs to the group of *constituents*, the other to the group of *products*. The constituents are but two—the blood and the lymph. The number of liquid products is considerably more than that of the solid products. The solid constituents, on the contrary, are more numerous than the products. The liquid products subdivide into *secretions* and *excretions*, an important distinction; and a complementary third, which may be termed *mediate*, comprehending the matter formed by an intimate mixture of the residue of sundry secretions modified by their reciprocal action on the aliments, and remaining associated with the residue of the alimentary matters. The secretions subdivide into two groups, according as they rest immobile, like the serous fluids, and



play a rôle purely physical; or, like the more numerous body, the secretions, properly so called, they fulfil their part in destroying themselves, or at least in partially doing so. Only the plasma of the blood and lymph are endowed with the continuous molecular movement of renovation which characterizes nutrition, as they alone of all the fluids present the molecular state characteristic of organization, though of the most rudimentary kind. The other fluids possess merely the physical and chemical properties appropriate to their composition. The constituent fluids, the blood, the lymph, and the chyle, draw ready formed the materials of which they are composed, from the medium in which they are plunged. The walls of their containing tubes playing throughout their formation but a purely physical rôle, and exhibiting no action but that of endosmose and exosmose. The secretions, on the other hand, owe that which is distinctive in their nature, to the walls of the tubes of the tissue which furnishes them, so that their constituents are not to be found either in arterial or venous blood, but only in the secretion itself, or in the elements of the tissue the disassimilative acts of which lead to the formation of these products. These secretions contain, in addition, a certain portion borrowed from the blood by dialytique exosmose. As to the liquid excretions their formation consists simply in a borrowing from the blood by dialytique exosmose of principles formed elsewhere than in the excreting parenchyma, and existing in the blood before its arrival at the excretory organ. Nothing therefore can be more inexact than to term the blood an internal secretion.

A chemical test, the hydrate of potash, has lately been introduced as a means of deciphering species of lichens. In certain cases the reaction produces a yellow colour, whilst in other cases there is no reaction, or only a slight fucescence. In the difficult tribe of *Cladonia* its use is particularly valuable, enabling the student to classify with precision a vast number of varieties and forms closely resembling each other in external character.

M. Terrell has sent a paper to the French Academy on the composition of the Dead Sea, in which he states that he distinctly saw small fish thriving well near the site of the ancient Sodom.

M. Delaunay has just presented to the Academy of Sciences the second volume of his "Theory of the Movement of the Moon," being the completion of his labours on this subject, which, as is well known to astronomers, has engaged his attention for the last twenty years.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

PUBLIC attention has been so completely absorbed by the Reform question that monetary and financial affairs remain comparatively neglected. Even the adverse feature of the foreign exchanges turning somewhat against us has been little noticed. Hitherto, the alteration has not caused any withdrawal of gold from the Bank for export, the supplies from abroad, although moderate in extent, having sufficed to supply the demand for the Continent. Some small sums in sovereigns have been taken for Egypt and the East Indies, but the total in the past week has not exceeded £30,000, and consequently could exercise no appreciable influence on the discount market. The rates for first-class bills remain at about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., but such is the abundance of capital compared with the means for its employment, that transactions have taken place privately between individual merchants at  $2\frac{3}{8}$  or even  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . It frequently happens that a mercantile firm have, from various causes, a large balance in hand, which they are, of course, desirous of not keeping lying idle. In ordinary cases these sums are put out on the Stock Exchange in short loans on Government securities. At present, however, the profit afforded in this manner has been so insignificant, at least until within the last day or two, that the lenders have been only too ready to make their advances on commercial bills instead. Both parties gain by these transactions. The lender has the advantage of receiving  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for his money in lieu of the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 per cent. obtainable on the Stock Exchange, or the 2 per cent. allowed by the discount establishments for deposits at call, while the borrower profits by cashing his bills at a quarter per cent. at least below the current quotations in the market. Similar operations constantly occur, and will, in a great degree, explain the apparent discrepancies in the prices for money quoted in the daily papers. In the one the terms given are those on which the above-mentioned exceptional transactions are effected, while in the other, the regular market rate charged by the discount brokers generally is quoted.

At the close of February, many of the railway dividends become payable, and this for a time causes some displacement of money. An increased demand arises for the circulation, and although this only lasts for a few days, it frequently happens that the rates of discount slightly rise. The same movement is shown at the end of each quarter, on account of the payments for Government revenue. There is no real dimi-

nution in the capital at the command of the nation at large, but simply a greater want of the machinery to bring it into use. This fact has not escaped notice. It has been pointed out over and over again and never answered, that the denial of any power to the Bank to adapt the currency-issue to the requirements of the country, is the most glaring defect of the Act of 1844. It seems both desirable and natural that if money should flow out of England in purchases of, say, foreign corn or cotton, inducements should be given to capitalists abroad to send over their surplus funds for employment here. In other words, the rate of discount should be raised. But it seems preposterous that because the country happens to want the temporary use of a few extra bank notes, none of which will go out of internal circulation, a similar remedy should be adopted. The corrective in the first case becomes an exaction in the second. At the present period there is certainly no probability that the rate of discount will be advanced on this account. What with the dulness of trade, and the absence of employment for money as regards commerce generally, and foreign and joint-stock investments in particular, the supply is too far in excess of the demand to admit of the slightest pressure being felt.

The disinclination of the public to take either old or new investments seems as far from removal as ever. The Chilean Loan has dropped to a settled discount for entirely inadequate reasons. Even the reassurances of the Government agents in London have no permanent effect. Yet it is perfectly certain that any promise held out by them will be fulfilled by Chili to the letter. It seems almost absurd to suppose that the possibility of a million sterling local bonds being converted into a stock payable in London should affect Chilean credit to the money value of about £100,000. That sum, however, represents the fall which has taken place in the late issue of two millions from 2 premium to 3 discount. The new Danubian Principalities' Loan has also declined to a discount, although at its first introduction there were buyers at a premium. As the reduction occurred simultaneously with the delivery of the letters of allotment, it may reasonably be inferred that the majority of the applications were sent in with the view not to make permanent investments, but to sell the scrip at the quoted premium. It is likewise said that the public took alarm at the decline in Chilean, and that many withdrawals of previous subscriptions were consequently sent in. This, however, is mere report. A third project has been more successful, though of little importance, the total amount required being small. The Dutch-Indian Railway Company have issued proposals for the subscription of £339,000 debentures, bearing  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest, at 89. The Dutch Home Government guarantee the loan, and the obligations are to be redeemed at par by annual accumulative drawings, within thirty-three years from 1872. As the public credit of Holland stands hardly second to our own, and the rate of interest slightly exceeds 5 per cent., without reckoning the advantage of the sinking fund, this investment has been received with some favour. It is, nevertheless, evident that the public are not disposed to embark in these operations to any considerable extent, although a few weeks ago it appeared that foreign loans were about to become the favourite channel of investment. The distrust that seemed on the point of being dispelled, has returned once more, and perhaps worse than ever.

The public also appear to be unable for the moment to conquer their aversion to railway securities, but there is some reason for this feeling. Decreasing dividends while traffic is increasing forms an ominous feature as to the real prosperity of these undertakings. If, however, the public do not invest, neither do they sell. In the absence of *bonâ-fide* transactions on the one side or the other the speculators command the market. It is not impossible that investors will at last begin to understand that it may be an uncommonly good thing to purchase railway property at a low price. If this should occur, and it may very probably before long, the speculative sellers will find themselves caught with contracts open for stock to deliver and no means of getting it. A rapid advance in prices would necessarily be the immediate result. In the mean time, one cause of the existing depression may perhaps be found in the announcement by some companies of the proposed issue of new preference shares.

The report of the directors of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway Company was published yesterday. It enters into a great mass of details which serve rather to complicate than elucidate the question. On some points it appears that the views of the company's representatives are at variance with those of the auditor. This of itself is a disagreeable feature. The document that is now looked for with chief interest is the report of the committee of investigation.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## WILLIAM THE FOURTH AND EARL GREY.\*

"PUT not your trust in princes!" ought to be the motto of these volumes. It is long since we have met with a book from which we expected so much, and in which we were so grievously disappointed. We cannot acquit Earl Grey of blame for this result, although of course he is not answerable for the windy circumlocutions of the royal and noble correspondents. But some more notes are imperatively needed, both because all readers have not the history of the time at their fingers' ends, and even those who have will not struggle through the long sentences. Nothing is more easy than to lose the thread of any one letter, or of all the letters, and the reader is tempted to sleep through scenes which kept the whole of England awake. Nine hundred and fifty pages octavo on the events of nineteen months are sufficiently formidable, and make us suspect from the first that their writers lacked either the time or the ability to make them shorter. Yet the editor might have cut out masses of verbiage which are a cruel waste of ink and paper, and he might have elucidated the parts which were important enough to remain, but are not clear in their style, or certain in their allusions. If he had done this instead of blaming Sir Herbert Taylor, he himself would have escaped our censure. It is perfectly true that Sir Herbert was too fond of writing, that he wrote at great length in his own name, and at almost greater length in the name of the King. Had the King been afflicted with a less fluent secretary, had he cultivated the snappish brevity of his father, on which we commented the other day, the late Earl Grey might not have retained office, but these volumes would have been more amusing. As it is, we can quite feel that the necessity of reading and replying to the long letters of the King and his secretary, "of which on some occasions two and even three were received in a single day," added much to the Prime Minister's labours. But why should we have this too practical insight into his labours, by such an addition to our own?

We have the more right to remonstrate on this point with the noble editor, as by publishing his volumes in the midst of our present Reform excitement, he insures our attempting to read them. The failure of the Reform Bill of 1866 naturally brings us back to the rejection of the Reform Bill of 1831. If we have a turn for curious parallels we cannot fail to light on many points of resemblance between the attendant circumstances of the two eras. Then, too, there was a stir in the nation, excitement, popular tumult, Irish riots, meetings and harangues, trades' unions and dissensions between masters and servants, prevailed. We seem to have a foretaste of Lieutenant Brand when we read of a political escapade of a naval officer, and of the suggestion that his intemperate speech should cost him his commission. But as the agitation which prevailed at the time of the first Reform Bill was far more intense than that we have witnessed, we are more surprised at the moderation of these letters than startled—as Earl Grey expects us to be—at their occasional severity. "While I have endeavoured to show all due respect to the feelings of individuals," Earl Grey remarks in his preface, "I have not thought it right on this ground to omit even severe remarks on the public, as distinguished from the private, conduct of those who took an active part in political affairs at the time. To have done so would have destroyed much of the value of the correspondence, especially as a record of the motives and considerations which determined the measures of the Ministers. And though in some of his letters my father used strong language, and perhaps may have occasionally taken a more unfavourable view of the conduct of his political opponents than he might have adopted when looking back at it after the heat of the struggle was over, every candid reader will make allowance for warmth of expression in letters written at a time of so much excitement." Many candid readers will probably look with anxiety for some token of this heat of the struggle, and warmth of expression. Perhaps a few will be sorry to miss such a spice of the narrative; and in that few we do not hesitate to rank ourselves. We found, indeed, the *John Bull* called infamous, and described as a paper which the Prime Minister never saw, but to which the King was a regular subscriber. We met with regrets on the part of the King that Lord Aberdeen should have allowed himself to be so misled by party feeling as to introduce an objectionable motion, and that the Duke of Wellington should have concurred in and supported so unjustifiable and unstatesmanlike a proceeding. The late Earl Grey, too, writes that a motion was absolutely untenable; and even Lord Lyndhurst would not have voted for it. But we think the most conspicuous piece of censure is that passed on the Bishop of Exeter as "remarkable for qualities of which Earl Grey could not describe the character within the bounds which he ought to observe in writing to your Majesty." We can hardly wonder that the King should think it necessary to speak seriously to the bishops on the subject of the Reform Bill, should be concerned to find that so many of them voted against it, and should warn the Archbishop of York respecting the course which the bishops were pursuing. The stronger phrase of Earl Grey's which led to the sack of an episcopal mansion does not, indeed, find any place in these volumes. It was probably not within the bounds which ought to be observed, and which generally are observed so faithfully.

The light thrown on the dissolution of Parliament in April, 1831,

\* The Reform Act, 1832. The Correspondence of the late Earl Grey with his Majesty King William IV., and with Sir Herbert Taylor, from November, 1830, to June, 1832. Edited by Henry Earl Grey. Two vols. London: John Murray.

on the King's feelings with regard to Reform, and on his sentiments as to the large creation of peers which seemed essential for the passing of the Bill, gives the present work its principal value. The story which Mr. Molesworth made use of in his history of the Reform Bill after it had figured in Mr. Roebuck's history of the Whig party, and had circulated on the authority of Lord Brougham, seems finally settled by Earl Grey's note on the subject. The letters which passed between Earl Grey and Mr. Molesworth will be fresh in the memory of our readers. They will remember that the gist of Mr. Molesworth's story was, that the Lord Chancellor took upon himself to make arrangements for the King's going down to dissolve Parliament, and that Earl Grey replied by quoting letters from which it appeared that the King was ready and willing to go through the ceremony. One letter, which would have been quite conclusive, was missing, but its contents are to some extent supplied. It seems clear that Lord Brougham could not have given orders for the Life Guards to be in readiness, as Earl Grey has learned from Sir T. Biddulph, who was then an officer of the regiment, that the Life Guards from Knightsbridge barracks, which were to have lined the road, did not arrive till after the King had gone. In other respects, too, the final resolution of the King to dissolve Parliament in person, though not formed at the dictation of the Chancellor, was extremely sudden. The Master of the Horse declared that the thing could not be done—there was no time to plait the horses' manes. But somehow Parliament was dissolved without this great constitutional formality. The King threatened to go down in a hackney coach if one of his own carriages could not be got ready. We can imagine that, to the steadfast opponents of the Reform Bill, the sight of their Sovereign coming to dissolve Parliament in a hackney coach would be more terrible than Cromwell's "Take away that bauble," or Roland's appearance at Court with ribbons instead of shoe buckles. And yet, although William IV. was bent on conquering the opposition of the Commons, he was not to be persuaded to swamp the House of Lords. A great part of the second volume turns on the attempts of the Ministers to persuade him to make peers. Once he had consented, when twenty or twenty-five seemed all that were required. Even then he wanted the eldest sons of peers with families and the collateral heirs of childless peers to be called up and to redress the inequality. It is amusing to find him laying down from the first, that he can only approve of two new creations, and recurring steadily to the two when the Ministers want seventy. Yet this pertinacity of the King's is the more excusable when we find that he had partly converted Earl Grey to his views. For while the Earl in January, 1832, could see nothing left but a creation of peers, in March, 1832, he writes of it to Lord Althorp as "a certain evil, dangerous itself as a precedent, and, with all these objections, in my opinion, very uncertain of success." The present Earl is even more of a convert than his father.

"A very large creation of Peers," he says, "for the purpose of carrying the Reform Bill would have been so great an evil, even in the judgment of those who advised it, that nothing but the dread of still greater evils would have induced them to propose it. It was natural, therefore, that the King should have shrunk from taking such a step, and should have thought it better to throw upon the opponents of Reform the responsibility of endeavouring to form a new Administration to carry on the government of the country, in the circumstances created by their victory in the House of Lords. Nor can it be doubted that the result of the King's decision proved that it was far the best for the nation that he could have adopted. If he had accepted the advice his Ministers were compelled to offer him, even the large creation of Peers they contemplated might have been insufficient to enable them to carry the Bill satisfactorily through the Committee. And it would certainly have provoked a bitter and determined resistance in all the farther stages of the Bill, not only from those who had all along been its uncompromising enemies, but also from those who, with Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe, had voted for its second reading, though they had opposed the former measure. The powerful party of the Opposition thus reunited, and not improbably reinforced by some of those who had hitherto voted for Reform, but who would have been alienated by the violence of the means taken to coerce the House of Lords, would have obstinately fought every detail of the Bill in Committee. To overcome this resistance, the Government might have been driven to a further creation of Peers. But even this expedient, destructive as it would have been to the character of the House of Lords and the balance of the Constitution, would have been of little avail to cut short a struggle which might have been almost indefinitely prolonged, and which would have excited such fierce passions both in the House and out of doors, that it is impossible to conjecture to what acts of even revolutionary violence they might have led."

No doubt it is always easy to be wise after the event, and we do not always give credit to those who were wise before it. One reason is that when we follow their advice, and avoid the consequences which they predicted, we are not sure that the consequences would have come even if we had not obeyed their warning. Is it certain that a large creation of Peers in 1832 would have strengthened the hands of the anti-reformers? Is it certain that a more obstinate fight would have led to the mutilation of the Bill, and might it not have made our present task more easy?

By our present task we do not mean the reading of these letters, but the work on which the country is now engaged. As we close the records of that strife, and look back on the intractable opposition, which was quelled in spite of all its resolute strength, we cannot but say with the wandering Trojan—

"O passi graviores, dabit Deus his quoque finem."



If, indeed, we compare the prevailing opinions of the opponents of Reform with those that existed before the passing of the first Bill, the sentiments of the moderate friends of Reform with those expressed by King William IV., our quotation is amply justified.

#### A HIGHLAND PARISH.\*

IN this charming volume Dr. Macleod gives us a picture of a phase of life which is fast passing away, and which, apart from any other consideration, deserves to be minutely painted for the hardy virtue and the God-fearing manliness which are its two distinguishing features. No one more capable of executing such a work could have taken it in hand than our author, who adds to a vigorous and graphic style an intense love and an accurate knowledge of the scenes, the persons, and the habits, which are the subject of his book. Dr. Macleod is in heart a thorough Highlander. When he enumerates the classes of men to whom his book will not be welcome, those who dislike peat-reek, or the bagpipe, or the kilt, the Gaelic, and the clans, or who do not believe in Ossian, he singles out as the most unfit of all to peruse his reminiscences those Highlanders who are ashamed of their country. Cockneys, in the Doctor's opinion, are bad enough, but they have this grace, that they are sincere and honest in their idolatry of the great Babylon; and even young Oxonians, or young barristers, "when they become London slashing critics," do not inspire him with insuperable awe. "But," he says, "a Highlander who was nurtured on oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cakes; who in his youth wore home-spun cloth, and was innocent of shoes and stockings; who blushed in his first attempts to speak the English language; who never saw a nobler building for years than the little kirk in the glen; and who owes all that makes him tolerable in society to the Celtic blood which flows in spite of him through his veins;—for this man to be proud of his English accent, to sneer at the everlasting hills, the old kirk and its simple worship, and to despise the race which has never disgraced him—faugh! Peat-reek is frankincense in comparison with 'him.' We know when we have read these words, that all that follows will be written with a loving hand. And, in truth, the simple state of society which Dr. Macleod depicts for us is worthy of an enthusiastic pen. It has very little to do with the comforts of civilization as we have them in England. It is plain, laborious, poor, with an abundance of peat-reek, and a strong flavour of the sea breeze. It is an example of 'roughing it' from one end of life to the other. But the oatmeal porridge has nourished the manliest virtues, and the homespun cloth covers some of the gentlest and kindest hearts that beat. This contrast between the outer and the inner man is one of the greatest charms of Dr. Macleod's book, and it is not at all exaggerated. What a beautiful narrative is that of the Highland student at Glasgow College, which is given between pages 66 and 80, and which purports to be a veritable narrative—*ben trovato* even if not *vero*. It had nothing to do either with Jews or jewellers. The student's aim was learning, and the expense of a session, including professors' fees "and some new clothes," cost him from twenty-five to thirty pounds. Though his father was well-to-do for a Scotch minister, this expense was a serious undertaking, not to speak of the additional item of lodgings and living, which, as far as the lodgings were concerned, was generally got over by sharing the same bedroom with a fellow-student. But though the manse boy had to live there frugally, he could share his small provender with one who was in worse plight than himself:—

"During two of my last sessions at college in Glasgow my cousin Neil Campbell, a medical student, was my companion in lodgings, and during the last three months that we were in Glasgow we had another medical student from the Highlands of the name of M'Millan living with us. We were both much attached to this young man. He was obliged for want of funds to leave his lodgings, and had nearly starved himself before doing so. We insisted on his joining us in our room, which was then in the Stockwell; but this additional burden reduced us at times to great extremities, and had it not been for an excellent girl from Oban, who was serving in the house, I do not know what should have become of us. We often took a walk to the green, stating that we were to be out at dinner, and took some eggs and potatoes for supper when we returned. Macmillan was a young man of very superior talent and an ardent student. When the session closed, he was enabled, through the kindness of some Highland gentlemen in Glasgow to whom his case had been made known, to obtain his diploma as surgeon, and he agreed to accompany me home. He had not been with us above a week when his appointment as assistant-surgeon in the navy was announced to him. The letter which contained his appointment directed him, upon his passing his examination at the Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, to draw upon the treasury for a certain sum of money, and to proceed to Edinburgh immediately. But what was to be done in the mean time? He had not a farthing, and not a moment could be lost. I could not advance him a pound. We told all the circumstances of the case to a carpenter in the parish, and he, with great generosity, advanced upon our mere verbal promise, four pounds, with which we proceeded to Tobermory, where that very evening we found a vessel sailing for Greenock, in which he took his passage. He passed his examination in Edinburgh with *éclat*, remitted the money we had borrowed from the honest carpenter, and on his arrival in England was placed on board of a frigate, and the first letter I received from him was dated from Van Diemen's Land, of which we knew very little in those days. The ship was on a voyage of discovery, and absent for many years."

\* Reminiscences of a Highland Parish. By Norman Macleod, D.D. London: Strahan.

Some of Dr. Macleod's chapters have the interest of romance, and occasionally we come upon a passage which is important from its bearing upon political economy. We have been especially struck by his note at p. 121 upon the working of the new Poor-law Act, and the state of things which preceded it. Prior to its passing, twenty years ago, the ministers and elders of the Church of Scotland conducted the whole business connected with the relief of the poor gratuitously and without cost to the public, except in large towns, where there was a legal assessment. The entire cost of this relief was a little more than £150,000 a year. Now there are two thousand publicly paid officials drawing considerable salaries, and the cost of relieving the poor exceeds £750,000 annually. Dr. Macleod, however, does not state whether the work is done more efficiently under the present than under the old system, nor with what feelings the poor in Scotland regard the provision made for them by Parliament. We should have been glad to have his testimony upon these points, and it would not have been out of place in a book treating of Highland social life. Unless the Poor-laws are administered there in a very different spirit from that in England, we fear it runs sadly against the grain of the peasantry, whose pride is as notorious as their poverty has too often been. In his chapter on "Some Characteristics of the Highland Peasantry," Dr. Macleod gives an affecting instance of both:—

"The dislike to make their wants known, or to complain of poverty, was also characteristic of them before the poor law was introduced, or famine compelled them to become beggars from the general public. But even when the civilized world poured its treasures, twenty years ago, into the Fund for the Relief of Highland Destitution, the old people suffered deeply ere they accepted any help. I have known families who closed their windows to keep out the light, that their children might sleep on as if it were night, and not rise to find a home without food. I remember being present at the first distribution of meal in a distant part of the Highlands. A few old women had come some miles, from an inland glen, to receive a portion of the bounty. Their clothes were rags, but every rag was washed, and patched together as best might be. They sat apart for a time, but at last approached the circle assembled round the meal depot. I watched the countenances of the group as they conversed apparently on some momentous question. This I afterwards ascertained to be, which of them should go forward and speak for the others. One woman was at last selected; while the rest stepped back and hung their heads, concealing their eyes with their tattered tartan plaids. The deputy slowly walked towards the rather large official committee, whose attention, when at last directed to her, made her pause. She then stripped her right arm bare, and, holding up the miserable skeleton, burst into tears and sobbed like a child! Yet, during all these sad destitution times, there was not a policeman or soldier in those districts. No food riot ever took place, no robbery was attempted, no sheep was ever stolen from the hills; and all this though hundreds had only shell-fish, or 'dulse,' gathered on the sea-shore to live upon."

#### THE OPEN POLAR SEA.\*

THOUGH still only four-and-thirty, Dr. Hayes, the commander of the last American expedition to the North Seas, has had considerable experience in Arctic exploration. He was in the Polar regions in 1853, and he was surgeon to Dr. Kane's expedition in 1855. Dr. Kane being now dead, Dr. Hayes appears to have succeeded him as the leading Transatlantic investigator of the problems so jealously kept by Nature amidst the snow and ice of the extreme North. He is not yet satisfied with the existing state of our knowledge of this inhospitable region, and dreams of an undiscovered land, possibly peopled by races of which we have no conception, lying beyond the waves of the open sea now known to extend beyond the vast and dreary ice-belt which girdles that part of the globe. It was to discover this land, if it exist, or at any rate to explore the open sea, that Dr. Hayes undertook the expedition which he here relates. Though not entirely successful, for he was unable to embark on the sea which laves the Pole, he reached its shores, and has extended still farther into the North our knowledge of the wild and awful lands which lie within the Polar Basin. Nearly five years elapsed between the return of the Kane expedition and the departure of that which was originated and commanded by our author; for in the meanwhile there had been a reaction of public feeling with respect to such enterprises, and Dr. Hayes was forced to kindle again the general interest once felt in Arctic adventure. Having, however, at length obtained subscriptions enough to purchase a schooner, subsequently called the *United States*, he and his fourteen companions set sail from Boston on the 7th of July, 1860. The date by this time looks almost primitive in connection with America; for the first election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency had not then taken place, and the earliest notes of the civil war had not yet been heard. Dr. Hayes and his fellow voyagers left their country profoundly at peace, and, on their return in the autumn of 1861, they heard for the first time at Upernivik, in Greenland, that it was convulsed with civil war. To the war, and to the fact that Dr. Hayes had for some time the command of an army hospital, is to be attributed the delay in the production of this volume, which, however, does not suffer in interest and value on that account. The work has been printed in America, and is illustrated with some maps, and with some excellent woodcuts, from designs and photographs by the author and others.

\* The Open Polar Sea. A Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole, in the Schooner *United States*. By Dr. I. I. Hayes. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.



On the second day out from Boston, the explorers were enveloped in a dense fog, which continued for seven days. Subsequently, a succession of southerly gales carried them on bravely, and they soon had the coast of Greenland on their right. On the 29th of July, they encountered their first iceberg, and on the following day they passed the Arctic Circle. This imaginary line was crossed at eight o'clock in the evening, and the great event was signalized by a salute from the signal gun, and a display of bunting. The weather shortly afterwards became rough, and in Davis's Straits they lost their fore-firerail, and were very nearly capsized. Greenland at length appeared through a veil of fog, which lifted after awhile, when they were greeted by a splendid scene of glittering icebergs, countless in number, fantastic in shape, bright and various in colour, and now glowing like burnished metal or solid flame beneath a soft blue sky, radiant as that of Italy. The air was warm and pleasant, and sea and land were bathed in an atmosphere of crimson, and gold, and purple. These northern latitudes can sometimes put on a right royal aspect, more gorgeous even than the sunny south or sumptuous orient. The two Greenland towns at which the wanderers stopped for a few days, however, were sufficiently dull and austere places. Their object in putting in at both these stations—Prøven and Upernavik—was to procure dogs for their sledges. The latter is the more important town; and here Dr. Hayes had the melancholy duty of interring one of his men, who had died suddenly in the night. The burial ground of Upernavik lies on the side of a steep hill, and consists of a series of rocky steps, on which the coffins are deposited, and covered with piles of stones, for there is no earth. The spot is inexpressibly dreary; but Upernavik has some cheerful places also. At the parsonage, Dr. Hayes found, besides a kind and genial welcome, a room that was "redolent of the fragrant rose and mignonette and heliotrope, which nestled in the sunlight under the snow-white curtains. A canary chirped on its perch above the door, a cat was purring on the hearth-rug." Immediately after leaving Upernavik (where they took some of the natives on board), they got among a perfect forest of icebergs, with which they had to battle for four days, and on one of which they had a narrow escape of being wrecked:—

"At last we succeeded in extricating ourselves, and were far enough away to look back calmly upon the object of our terror. It was still rocking and rolling like a thing of life. At each revolution fresh masses were disengaged; and, as its sides came up in long sweeps, great cascades tumbled and leaped from them hissing into the foaming sea. After several hours it settled down into quietude, a mere fragment of its former greatness, while the pieces that were broken from it floated quietly away with the tide.

"Whether it was the waves created by the dissolution which I have just described, or the sun's warm rays, or both combined, I cannot pretend to say, but the day was filled with one prolonged series of reports of crumbling icebergs. Scarcely had we been moored in safety when a very large one about two miles distant from us, resembling in its general appearance the British House of Parliament, began to go to pieces. First a lofty tower came plunging into the water, starting from their inhospitable perch an immense flock of gulls, that went screaming up into the air; over went another; then a whole side settled squarely down; then the wreck capsized, and at length after five hours of rolling and crashing, there remained of this splendid mass of congelation not a fragment that rose fifty feet above the water. Another, which appeared to be a mile in length and upwards of a hundred feet in height, split in two with a quick, sharp, and at length long rumbling report, which could hardly have been exceeded by a thousand pieces of artillery simultaneously discharged, and the two fragments kept wallowing in the sea for hours before they came to rest. Even the berg to which we were moored chimed in with the infernal concert, and discharged a corner larger than St. Paul's Cathedral.

"No words of mine can adequately describe the din and noise which filled our ears during the few hours succeeding the encounter which I have narrated. . . .

"It seemed, indeed, as if old Thor himself had taken a holiday, and had come away from his kingdom of Thrudwanger and his Winding Palace of five hundred and forty halls, and had crossed the mountains with his chariot and he-goats, armed with his mace of strength, and girt about with his belt of prowess, and wearing his gauntlets of iron, for the purpose of knocking these giants of the frost to right and left for his own special amusement."

After being temporarily blocked up by the ice, they entered Melville Bay on the 23rd of August, by which time the sun was no longer above the horizon at midnight. Here they fell in with the "pack ice," which is "made up of drifting ice-floes, varying in extent from feet to miles, and in thickness from inches to fathoms. These masses are sometimes pressed close together, having but little or no open space between them; and sometimes they are widely separated, depending upon the conditions of the wind and tide. They are always more or less in motion, drifting to the north, south, east, or west, with the winds and currents. The penetration of this barrier is usually an undertaking of weeks or months, and is ordinarily attended with much risk." This vast accumulation of ice stopped Dr. Hayes and his party for some hours, and it was doubtful whether they would get through at all; but, after a violent snow-storm, the sun shone out, the ice parted, a favourable wind sprang up, and in fifty-five hours they were in the North Water. Other encounters with icebergs and ice-packs, however, succeeded; but they were survived, though not without considerable damage to the schooner, and great peril to all hands. On reaching Hartstene Bay, Dr. Hayes determined to take up his winter quarters in a harbour which he denominated Port Foulke, in

honour of a friend of his (now deceased) who had greatly helped him in fitting out the expedition:—

"The ice soon closed around us.

"My chief concern now was to prepare for the winter, in such a manner as to insure safety to the schooner and comfort to my party. While this was being done I did not, however, lose sight of the scientific labours; but, for the time, these had to be made subordinate to more serious concerns. There was much to do, but my former experience greatly simplified my cares.

"Mr. Sonntag, with Radcliffe, Knorr, and Starr to assist him, took general charge of such scientific work as we found ourselves able to manage; and Jensen, with Hans and Peter, were detailed as an organized hunting force. Mr. Dodge, with the body of the crew, discharged the cargo, and carrying it to the shore, swung it with a derrick up on the lower terrace, which was thirty feet above the tide, and there deposited it in a store-house made of stones and roofed with our old sails. This was a very laborious operation. The beach was shallow, the bank sloping, and the ice not being strong enough to bear a sledge, a channel had to be kept open for the boats between the ship and the shore. The duty of preparing the schooner for our winter home devolved upon Mr. McCormick, with the carpenter and such other assistance as he required. After the sails had been unbent, the yards sent down, and the topmasts housed, the upper deck was roofed in—making a house eight feet high at the ridge, and six and a half at the side. A coating of tarred paper closed the cracks, and four windows let in the light while it lasted, and ventilated our quarters. Between decks there was much to do. The hold, after being floored, scrubbed, and whitewashed, was converted into a room for the crew; the cook-stove was brought down from the galley and placed in the centre of it under the main hatch, in which hung our simple apparatus for melting water from the snow or ice. This was a funnel-shaped double cylinder of galvanized iron connecting with the stove-pipe, and was called the 'snow-melter.' A constant stream poured from it into a large cask, and we had always a supply of the purest water, fully ample for every purpose.

"Into these quarters the crew moved on the 1st of October, and the out-door work of preparation being mainly completed, we entered then, with the ceremony of a holiday dinner, upon our winter life. And the dinner was by no means to be despised. Our soup was followed by an Upernavik salmon, and the table groaned under a mammoth haunch of venison, which was flanked by a ragout of rabbit and a venison pasty."

Their life in this savage solitude was not wanting in pleasurable incidents. They read, they chatted, they sang, they published a weekly journal of *faciæ*, and at Christmas they feasted and were right merry. Then there were journeys of exploration over the ice-fields in sledges drawn by the dogs, and these were extremely interesting, and have added to our knowledge of the region, its boundaries, and the approaches it offers to the open sea towards the North Pole. Such expeditions, however, can only be conducted at the expense of great danger, and enormous physical fatigue; and so it was with Dr. Hayes and his friends. The most melancholy incident that occurred was the death of Mr. Sonntag, the second in command, in an attempt to reach some of the Esquimaux settlements, with a view to obtaining a further supply of dogs; but this appears to have been purely accidental. The long unbroken night terminated on the 18th of February, 1861, when the sun once more appeared above the horizon, after an absence of one hundred and twenty-six days; and nothing could surpass the glory and majesty of his rising, or the enthusiasm of the boat's crew as they all watched eagerly for the first gleam of the great luminary. It was not, however, until some months later that Dr. Hayes attained the most northern limit of his explorations, on the shores of the open sea. After a toilsome journey in a dog-sledge, with only one companion—a journey lasting forty-six days from the time of leaving the winter harbour—the doctor reached, on the 19th of May, a locality which he thus describes:—

"Standing against the dark sky at the north, there was seen in dim outline the white sloping summit of a noble headland—the most northern known land upon the globe. I judged it to be in latitude 82° 30', or four hundred and fifty miles from the North Pole. Nearer, another bold cape stood forth; and nearer still the headland, for which I had been steering my course the day before, rose majestically from the sea, as if pushing up into the very skies a lofty mountain peak, upon which the winter had dropped its diadem of snows. There was no land visible except the coast upon which I stood.

"The sea beneath me was a mottled sheet of white and dark patches, these latter being either soft decaying ice, or places where the ice had wholly disappeared. These spots were heightened in intensity of shade and multiplied in size as they receded, until the belt of the water-sky blended them all together into one uniform colour of dark blue. The old and solid floes (some a quarter of a mile, and others miles across) and the massive ridges and wastes of hummocked ice which lay piled between them and around their margins, were the only parts of the sea which retained the whiteness and solidity of winter.

"I reserve to another chapter all discussion of the value of the observations which I made from this point. Suffice it here to say that all the evidences showed that I stood upon the shores of the Polar Basin, and that the broad ocean lay at my feet; that the land upon which I stood, culminating in the distant cape before me, was but a point of land projecting far into it, like the Ceverro Vostochnoi Noss of the opposite coast of Siberia; and that the little margin of ice which lined the shore was being steadily worn away; and within a month the whole sea would be as free from ice as I had seen the north water of Baffin Bay,—interrupted only by a moving pack, drifting to and fro at the will of the winds and currents.

"To proceed further north was, of course, impossible. The crack



which I have mentioned would, of itself, have prevented us from making the opposite land, and the ice outside the bay was even more decayed than inside. Several open patches were observed near the shore, and in one of these there was seen a flock of Dovekie. At several points during our march up Kennedy Channel I had observed their breeding-places, but I was not a little surprised to see the birds at this locality so early in the season. Several burgomaster-gulls flew over head, making their way northward, seeking the open water for their feeding grounds and summer haunts. Around these haunts of the birds there is never ice after the early days of June."

They then turned their faces southwards, after leaving a record of their discovery beneath a cairn of stones; but Dr. Hayes says he quitted the spot with regret:—

"It possessed a fascination for me, and it was with no ordinary sensations that I contemplated my situation, with one solitary companion, in that hitherto untrodden desert; while my nearness to the earth's axis, the consciousness of standing upon land far beyond the limits of previous observations, the reflections which crossed my mind respecting the vast ocean which lay spread out before me, the thought that these ice-girdled waters might lash the shores of distant islands where dwell human beings of an unknown race, were circumstances calculated to invest the very air with mystery, to deepen the curiosity, and to strengthen the resolution to persevere in my determination to sail upon this sea and to explore its furthest limits; and as I recalled the struggles which had been made to reach this sea—through the ice and across the ice—by generations of brave men, it seemed as if the spirits of these old worthies came to encourage me, as their experience had already guided me; and I felt that I had within my grasp 'the great and notable thing' which had inspired the zeal of sturdy Frobisher, and that I had achieved the hope of matchless Parry."

The return voyage was safely performed during the summer months, and in October Dr. Hayes was once more in Boston. He contemplates yet another expedition, to facilitate which, and Arctic investigations generally, he proposes the establishment of a colony, with scientific associates, at Port Foulke. We wish him all success in his grand and daring schemes, and trust we may live to receive from his pen another work as interesting as the present, which is written with great picturesqueness, and in the spirit of a true investigator of the perilous and the unknown.

#### LITERATURE AND ITS PROFESSORS.\*

EVERY now and then we sometimes see announced in the shop-windows of rather dubious thoroughfares "a job-lot." The phrase, we believe, means a collection of odds and ends. Sometimes we fancy it is a euphemism for anything stolen. Generally, however, we take it to stand for something which outwardly looks very good, but will not bear the test of close inspection, much less that of trial. "Literature and its Professors" may be termed a literary job-lot. At the first glance, it looks like a real book. But it will not bear reading, still less criticising. The sentences come all to pieces, and the thought wears away under analysis. Speaking of the book in the most general terms, each essay reminds us of something else a great deal better. That upon Giraldu Cambrensis reminds us, by its contrast, of Professor Brewer's admirable preface. The papers again upon Swift, Sterne, and Steele, remind us, from the same cause, that Thackeray has dealt with their lives and writings. Even the very anecdotes remind us of others still better. Thus, the story of the Old Three Crowns public-house (p. 282) is not nearly so well put as Lord Palmerston's well-known anecdote of the two rival public-houses, illustrating the attachment of Englishmen to everything that is ancient. And as we examine the book more in detail, matters are still worse. Its contents are made up of literary small talk, hackneyed quotations—like *facile princeps, omne ignotum, grævis æstivum*, and the rest of the dictionary of quotations,—scraps from Emerson, here and there a cutting from the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Saturday Review*, and old stories, badly told, as that about Coleridge and the dumplings. In short, the book is, from beginning to end, literary shoddy.

Mr. Purnell is very severe, as far as his abilities permit, upon critics. About criticism he possesses some wonderfully high-flown notions, which appear to be nearly identical with those of Mr. Dallas in his "Gay Science." Having so lately discussed the value of the latter, we shall most assuredly not trouble ourselves with those of Mr. Purnell. He, however, is in a state of worse ignorance even than Mr. Dallas. We shall, however, be unkind enough to allow him to be his own critic. As far as it is possible, he shall speak for himself. In the first place, then, we will make a small collection of the many remarkable thoughts which we have found in "Literature and its Professors." Of our countrymen we learn the following astounding piece of news:—

"Englishmen are reported to be a practical people" (p. 46).

Why does not Mr. Purnell tell us that Queen Anne is reported to be dead? With regard to local self-government we are gravely informed:—

"For Russia, however, to annex England, would be a retrograde step, and should be resisted" (p. 260).

The "practical people," we think, hardly require this advice. With regard to erroneous inferences we are instructed that—

"If a friend assured us of his belief that twice seven makes fifteen,

\* *Literature and its Professors*. By Thomas Purnell. London: Bell & Daldy.

we want no further proof of his ignorance of figures, but are justified in saying that he is no arithmetician" (p. 87).

Such are Mr. Purnell's general views on mathematics. But with regard to poetry he tells us—

"We do not think the *Iliad* the first of epics, because we say Homer was blind, or the *Divine Comedy* great, because its author was an unfortunate exile" (p. 31).

Why did not Mr. Purnell continue—"We do not think Nelson the first of naval commanders, because he lost his arm; we do not consider the 'Paradise Lost' a great epic, because Milton was blind; we do not—" but there is no end to this kind of twaddle, except when we come to dancing, and remember that the British public flocked to see Donato because he had only one leg. After reading these extracts no one will be surprised to find Mr. Purnell sympathetically defending that much maligned man, Mr. Tupper, against the critics. Mr. Purnell has at last discovered why the critics are so severe upon the author of "Proverbial Philosophy." As he tells us,—

"They (the critics) sit down to revile Mr. Tupper, partly because they have never read his productions, but chiefly because his books have gone through a provokingly large number of editions" (p. 9).

In Mr. Purnell's special case these objections cannot be urged against us. In the first place we have read him with a great deal more care than he deserves. In the second, his book has not gone through a large number of editions, nor do we suspect that it will. In the third, we have not reviled him, nor shall we. We shall allow him to go on criticising himself, feeling certain that merely to quote him is to condemn him. Of his beauties of style we will give a few examples. Thus, in the language of the clown at Astley's, he tells us "the philosopher has gone and discovered" (p. 50); and again, improving upon the big letter style of Lord Lytton, he tells us that country linendrapers fancy they can estimate the ability of any statesman "to a T." But colloquialisms of this kind are Mr. Purnell's strong point. In this spirit he informs us that members of Parliament "regard abstract resolutions with a deeper abhorrence than that which a Jew is said to regard pork" (p. 266). The beauty and wit of this metaphor will be perceived by all Christians.

In new facts "Literature and its Professors" is not rich, but we learn from it, what is certainly not generally known, that the number of gold-diggers is increasing in the House of Commons (p. 52). Again, too, any new facts which throw either a light upon Shakespeare's personal history, or the inner meaning of his works, are always eagerly welcomed. Mr. Purnell is fortunate to have made a double discovery. Thus he informs us—

"In all he wrote it is clear that 'The Dance of Death' in Stratford Church left deep and permanent impression on Shakespeare's mind, and that the Skeleton was ever present, disquieting his imagination" (p. 252).

Hitherto, it has always been supposed that the wall-painting of the "Dance of Death" was in the Chapel of the Guild, and not in "Stratford Church" as Mr. Purnell vaguely calls the parish church of the Holy Trinity. As to the "Skeleton" being ever present with Shakespeare, and disquieting his mind, we take it to be just about as accurate as the other assertion. But if Mr. Purnell knows things of which the majority of mankind are ignorant, he also is ignorant of things which everybody knows. Thus, Mr. Purnell is good enough to inform us that the admirers of Mr. Mill "urge that he is not only a theorist, but has written very successfully on practical subjects." Now Mr. Mill's admirers are not quite such abject fools as Mr. Purnell represents them. They urge that Mr. Mill is a practical man, and has held a high official post with the highest credit to himself and the greatest benefit to his country, and that he has been in vain solicited by successive Governments to fill a still higher post. When, however, we add that the caviller at Mill is the defender of the historical Cox of Finsbury—whose peerage has so long lain dormant—we shall have said quite enough to explain this and all other eccentricities and blunders. In justice to the publishers, we must commend the excellent taste in which the book is brought out. But the cover reminds us not so much of the casket that contained the *Iliad*, as of Shakespeare's apple with the fair outside.

#### NEW NOVELS.\*

ONE of the most charming stories we have read for a long time is "Nina Balatka." It is simple, interesting, and short—excellences not often to be met with in novels nowadays. Nina is a Christian, and the daughter of a Christian. The scene is cast in Prague; and in Prague the prejudice against the Jews not very long since was about on a par with the hatred evinced towards them by the Spaniards of the Inquisition era. Certain connections of Nina naturally contemplate her devotion to her Hebraic lover with profound disgust, and seek to oppose the marriage with the virulence that only unjust prejudice can inspire. Foremost among these malignant connections is one Ziska Zamenoy, Nina's cousin, whom love for the girl and detestation for her lover, excite to fancies that need but the least degree more of provocation to be rendered truly

\* *Nina Balatka*. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.  
Philo. By J. A. Hamilton, M.A. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.  
Armstrong Magney. By Heraclitus Grey. London: Bentley.



murderous. In this personage the author presents us with a character that but for the limits of his story he would no doubt have developed into a study really psychologically curious. Certainly it affords plenty of scope for the display of the fiercest passions. Love and prejudice are two powerful incentives to human villainies. Another prominent person is Sophie Zamenoy, Nina's aunt. Her voice is loud, her address bold, and her character that of a virago. This woman does all she can to prevent Nina's marriage with Anton. And her doing all she can means a very great deal. She even goes the length of bearding Nina's father, an old man, in his own house. His trembling silence, however, saves the explosion promised by her anger, and she leaves, meditating the design that forms the plot of the book. Nina is well conceived; there is nothing very deep in her character, but the author has sketched the lighter traits with great delicacy and precision. Love—upon which an author may be fairly excused for not saying anything new—is expressed with much grace, and sometimes conveyed in touches that display a subtle intimacy with the passion. An instance of this is to be found in the scene between Anton and Nina, when the former searches her desk for the document he suspects her to have secreted. The emotions in the young girl's heart, awakened by the indirect charge of her lover; the yielding dignity of her denial—yielding because subdued by the very pathos of her love; the submissive silence that sanctions, because too tender to combat, the unjust suspicion of the man she worships, are all very forcibly depicted. Moreover, the book seems to have been written with an aim somewhat loftier than the mere communication of pleasure. It is an attempt to prove the unreasonableness of the prejudice that exists against the Jews. In the character of Anton Trendellsohn, the author seeks to vindicate the Hebrew from the numerous extravagant charges brought against him by those who endeavour to sanction their prejudices by appeals to that faith whose holiest precept is "Love one another." His description of the man is admirable:—

"To those who know the outward types of his race, there could be no doubt that Anton Trendellsohn was a very Jew amongst Jews. He was certainly a handsome man, not now very young, having reached some year certainly in advance of thirty, and his face was full of intellect. . . . He was very dark—dark as a man can be, and yet show no signs of colour in his blood. No white man could be more dark and swarthy than Anton Trendellsohn. . . . his jet-black hair as it clustered round his ears had in it something of a curl. Had it been allowed to grow it would almost have hung in ringlets; but it was worn very short, as though its owner were jealous even of the curl. Anton Trendellsohn was decidedly a handsome man; but his eyes were somewhat too close together in his face, and the bridge of his aquiline nose was not sharply cut, as is mostly the case with such a nose on a Christian face. The olive oval face was without doubt the face of a Jew, and the mouth was greedy, and the movement of the man's body was the movement of a Jew. But not the less on that account had he behaved with Christian forbearance to his Christian debtor, Josef Balatka, and with Christian chivalry to Balatka's daughter, till that chivalry had turned itself into love."

Not that Anton is by any means one of those "faultless monsters which the world ne'er saw," so often set up by novelists as illustrations to support the dogmas of their fiction. He is a human being, neither very good nor very bad; possessed of middle qualities that neither exalt nor degrade—that neither awaken admiration nor excite contempt. The author, however, takes care to enlist our sympathy for the character of Anton, by avoiding in its composition the repelling Jewish element, which is more often traditional than truthful. Whatever defects he may have, he is gifted with many generous qualities, which more than counterbalance his failings. For instance, there is one Jewish trait in him eminently conspicuous—suspicion. He suspects everybody. Even the girl to whom he is betrothed is not free from his doubts. It is quite true that he has very good cause to be suspicious. Apart from that shrinking eagerness to escape the contumely provoked by his caste; apart from that sensitiveness to avoid the sneer that a coward bigotry levels not at the crimes of the heart, but at the accidents of birth, Anton Trendellsohn has been outraged in his domestic affairs, and suspicion is always prompt where there is no remedy in accusation or law. Nevertheless if he is suspicious he is also generous. And his generosity is of that spontaneous kind that stamps the mind of its possessor as noble. It is the one excellent quality of his nature. It is even more softening in its influence upon his rugged character than his love; and the stress laid upon it is not incompatible with the remaining characteristics of his disposition which combined, not only furnish us with a just and clever type of the Hebrew nature, but render also apparent the author's knowledge of the human heart.

"Philo" is a romance of which the time is the first century and the hero an Athenian. It is as formal as "Rasselas" and as tiresome as the "Epicurean," with much of the heaviness of the former and with nothing of the poetry of the latter. Nevertheless, its heaviness is not so much the fault of its author as of the subjects of which he treats. Ethics and psychology form but a poor groundwork for anything but essays; and even in essays they are seldom tolerable unless we happen to be told something that we have not heard fifty times before. Long dialogues upon every subject the least likely to interest a novel reader are the chief ingredients with which "Philo" is compounded. All the Greeks in the book are very conventional Greeks indeed, wearing long beards and swearing by the gods. Of story there is none. Philo is a Pagan who loves Chloe, a girl of the same persuasion. Presently Chloe turns Christian. Accident separates the lovers; and one day Philo visits a seer, who informs him that Chloe is walking on the sea-

shore with a handsome beau. The pangs of love, though considerably mitigated by the balm of philosophy, agitate Philo's breast, and continue to do so until pretty nearly the end of the book, when he finds the swain to be only Chloe's brother. There are lots of men whom Philo meets in his progress from chapter to chapter who acquaint him with the history of their lives, until we fancy Philo must become heartily sick of such narratives. But then he has his revenge, for he invariably provokes them into an argument upon some abstruse subject or other. In spite of all this, however, the book displays unquestionable signs of talent. Some of the conversations, too, contain, if not deep, at least very just, sentiments. Such, for instance, is the following:—

"I tell you if you want to rule the people, you must give them their dearly-beloved complicated machinery. Propose to them a single divinity, with a simple character of greatness, including necessarily benevolence, wisdom, knowledge, and power, all exercised with justice; and let these qualities be simply declared, and not coloured, or mystified, or distorted with extra wheels, to make the machine suit the morbid taste of the many, and you will see how your customers will leave your god on your hands when once you uncover him in his simplicity."

"Philo" is written in a very affected style. Moreover, the author's notions of punctuation seem dubious. Periods are employed without much relevancy to the meaning; and of course, a gasping, interjectural diction is the result. But these are defects easily remediable. If Mr. Hamilton would abandon school exercises for a portrayal of human life and every-day manners, there is quite enough in "Philo" to justify us in promising him success.

"Armstrong Magney" has one great merit: it is told in a single volume. But then this is its only excellence. It is a compound of coarse language and quotation from the Scriptures; of scraps from Mrs. Browning and dissertations on the game of croquet. Armstrong Magney is a clergyman subject to occasional fits of scepticism, which he endeavours to combat in long metaphysical soliloquies. The author in the character of his hero has evidently attempted to embody his notions of what a curate should be. As far as Armstrong Magney's Christianity goes (barring the occasional fits of scepticism and long metaphysical soliloquies), it pretty well conforms to the views that old maids and young ladies bred in parsonages entertain upon the subject; it flows with sufficient smoothness on the whole, being chiefly of a negatively virtuous order, good simply because it is not bad. But with regard to his notions of the character of a clergyman it may be questioned how far the author is correct in suggesting the propriety of a divine employing his fists when there is the least occasion to do so, and of his joining in those sports which have hitherto earned for such reverend gentlemen as have ventured to engage in them the questionable epithet "jolly." Doubtless such parsons did very well for the days of tie-wigs and magnums; but if we have not more religion we have certainly more delicacy than our forefathers; and we question whether Mr. Heraclitus Grey himself could listen with much devotional fervour to a pulpit-discourse from a man whom the day before he might have seen doing battle with his coat off in the centre of an applauding ring. From this point of view it will be presumed the book is likely to afford very little amusement. Judging it as a work of art, however, it will be found sometimes really very humorous; but, unfortunately, it is only funny where the author means to be grave—and *vice versa*. It is possible that we may be mistaken, and that the author is really a wag in a solemn mask. But our readers will best be able to judge of this for themselves by the following little tit-bit, which we cull as a sample of the whole book:—

"The full orb of that terrible moment was at length rounded, and fell on the past as a tear on an open grave."

When any remark is made that is not immediately obvious, it is natural to suppose that it contains some hidden meaning. The hidden meaning of this piece of eloquence we take to be humour, and we protest that it is really worth laughing at. "Armstrong Magney" is not without a plot. There is a lovely woman with fair hair, called Helen, originally a chamber-maid, who was seduced by the betrothed of the girl with whom Armstrong is desperately in love. A very wicked man is the betrothed, and a very stupid woman is Helen; for the first gets the second locked up in a lunatic asylum that she may not bother him, and the second leaps out of a window on to a pavement where she expires from no other motive than that she may not be bothered herself. Then Armstrong Magney goes to Switzerland, where he nearly perishes on a mountain, and finally meets the girl of his heart in Paris, to whom he addresses a moral dialogue. There is no reason that we can see why the author of "Armstrong Magney" should write another book; but we sincerely trust he will read his own work over in cool blood, and observe the abundant arguments contained in it against his committing himself to ridicule by a second novel.

#### SWEDENBORG.\*

Few literary undertakings, as we believe, can exceed in difficulty that of writing the life of the great Swedish mystic. An author whose printed works amount to some fifty stout octavos, mostly in

\* Emanuel Swedenborg. His Life and Writings. By William White. Two vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.



Latin—a philosopher and a man of science who broached original views in astronomy, chemistry, magnetism, anatomy, and metallurgy; a moralist and metaphysician of no ordinary calibre—above all, a spiritualist, ghost-seer, prophet, and theologian, presents a manifold and complex character, to unravel and appreciate which demands the utmost stretch of industry, judgment, erudition, and method from the biographer. We do not hesitate to pronounce that most, if not all, of these characteristics are to be found in the volumes of Mr. White. If he took Mr. Carlyle's "Life of Cromwell," as we might imagine, for his model, we may congratulate him at once on the wisdom of his choice, and the success of his imitation. For the most part he has made Swedenborg tell his own story and interpret his own heart; the Life is connected closely with the history and review of his several books, while every anecdote and interesting cotemporary fact has been dexterously interwoven with the main threads of the narrative and criticism. But what strikes us as so specially remarkable in Mr. White's biography is the calmness of judgment and exactness of appreciation in weighing the various parts of Swedenborg's genius and character. Previous writers have either been enthusiasts, disposed almost to worship the inspired founder and prophet of the New Jerusalem, or else theological bigots, cursing without reserve the spiritualist impostor and heretical perverter of Christian scriptures. His present biographer, on the contrary, is the impersonation of impartiality. He prunes Emerson's exaggerations of Swedenborg's scientific merits; he considers that a production like the "Book of Dreams" is sufficient to warrant the consignment of its author to an asylum; he never disguises any of the errors or infirmities in his hero's character or intellect; but, combining the most judicious criticism with the heartiest and broadest sympathy for all that was true, noble, and elevated in Swedenborg's nature and teaching, he has given a complete picture of that marvellous man, whom Emerson dignifies with the title of "the last Father in the Church."

Piety and industry seem to have been traditional in Swedenborg's family. His grandfather, Daniel Isaksson (for the name of Swedenborg, afterwards developed into Swedenborg, was first borne by the father), was a God-fearing and laborious copper-smelter at Fahlun; and hence it came that Emanuel's genius derived its first inspirations not from books or theology, but from mines and quarries and forges. His father, a busy, restless, loquacious, godly man, rose to be bishop of Skard. The picture drawn by Mr. White of the aggressive, irrepressible prelate is vivid and amusing in the highest degree. He had a profound belief in the presence of spirits; he even cast out a devil from a possessed maid-servant, strengthening her afterwards "with the word of God and a good deal of Rhenish wine." How much more he feared God than man is shown by the courage with which he denounced the profanation of Sunday by a royal masquerade fixed for that day, and induced Charles XII., certainly not the most impressible of sovereigns, to abandon it. The son of such an original being as the Lutheran bishop was perhaps hardly likely to be a commonplace character on the principle of "a child taking his soul from his father and his body from his mother;" and Emanuel, who was born in 1688, at Upsala, soon displayed his speculative precocity by being engrossed, between his fourth and tenth year, in reflecting on God and the spiritual affections of man, and in conversing with the clergy concerning faith. Nothing, however, strikes us so singular as the short-lived character of Swedenborg's theological zeal. Mines and metals, crucibles and dissecting-rooms, sluices, canals, and ships, seem to have driven the angels and spirits, the doctrines and creeds, out of the promising young engineer's head. Born into an age teeming with great ideas—the epoch marked by Berkeley and Butler, Hume and Reid, Cordillac and Kant, Wolff and Linnæus—Swedenborg travelled and worked and wrote, though all his energies at this time appear to have flowed rather in the channel of practice than of speculation. In one respect, the condition of Emanuel's life was the very opposite of his father's. The bishop married three wives; the son was never married at all. We hear of one love-affair on his part, when he was about thirty; but the young lady, only fourteen, not taking to her scientific suitor, Swedenborg, on perceiving the state of her affections, at once frankly relinquished her hand and quitted her father's house. We receive a slight shock in learning a few years later, what readers of his "Conjugal Love" will be less surprised at, that, "after the custom of unmarried men in Stockholm, he kept a mistress;" and the existence of a second, when he was as old as fifty, seems to be confirmed by an acknowledgment of his own. Otherwise his life seems to have been eminently pure and simple. He was on principle a spare eater—milk, coffee, vegetables, and bread constituting his only food, and snuff his only luxury. He would remain in bed for very many hours together, but such protracted repose appears to have been cultivated rather for the sake of meditation than from any enjoyment in bodily inactivity.

The real interest, however, of Swedenborg's life begins with the year 1743, when (to use his own words) "the Lord himself called me, graciously manifesting Himself in a personal appearance, opening in me a sight of the spiritual world, and enabling me to converse with spirits and angels." Shortly after his "call" he resigned his duties as assessor of mines, and devoted himself during the remainder of his life, till his death, in 1772, in seeing visions, uttering revelations, and framing allegorical interpretations of the Old and New Testaments. Swedenborg's career strikes one as a curious inversion of the order of mental development laid down by M. Comte; for the assessor of mines unquestionably began with the positive stage, and after passing through the metaphysical in middle age, culminated in the theological during the last twenty-

seven years of his life, as "Prophet of the New Jerusalem," and "servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." It is difficult to speak seriously, still more difficult to judge dispassionately, of this side of Swedenborg's genius and career. The natural sincerity and profound religiousness of the man rebuke all suspicions of charlatanry or mendacity; we see no outward traces of a deranged intellect, or of a nature thrown off its balance. But the gravest seriousness cannot repress a smile as it glances over the pages of the "Spiritual Diary," or the "Arcana Coelestia." Why are the heavens opened, we are tempted to ask, only to display the very earthly visions of concert-rooms and theatres, tennis-courts, and stone churches? Why should Christ make a special appearance to Swedenborg, when the purpose of this strange epiphany is "to borrow two pounds"? How is man the better for knowing that while spiritual angels dislike butter, they are much delighted with milk, or that the spirits in Jupiter frequently wash their faces, and sit cross-legged at table on fig-leaves spread on the ground? When Heaven speaks it must have something higher than this to tell; when a man converses with angels he ought to bring away a wisdom and a holiness greater than is to be found on earth. The biographer on the whole takes a very sensible view of these visions of the spiritual world. That Swedenborg consciously invented them, he considers it idle to assert. He believes, on the contrary, that in the main they were seen by him as described, but he does not on that account accept as true all that is revealed about the spiritual world "any more than he would accept in full the testimony of even the most veracious traveller in Russia or India." The seer meant well: he saw something, and he described vividly what he saw; but Mr. White leaves a wide margin for the influence exercised by Swedenborg's numerous fancies, and prejudices, and exaggerations. Other details, however, he credits in full, "because they seem consonant with such experience as he has had in this world, or because they seem orderly outgrowths of the laws of the spiritual world." But no service has the biographer rendered more effectual than in showing the dependence of many of Swedenborg's spiritualistic views upon his philosophical theories regarding man and nature. We are convinced that the former cannot be understood without the latter, though no writer that we are aware of has treated this part of the subject with the insight and perspicuity of Mr. White.

All who have heard anything of the great spirit-seer will desire to know Mr. White's account of the three great public proofs of his power which he gave in the vision of the Stockholm fire, and of the spirits of the deceased Marteville, and the Queen of Sweden's brother, the Prince of Prussia. Hardly any stories can rest on better evidence, and this has been most carefully examined as to authors, dates, and opportunities of verification by the writer of these volumes. As some of our readers may be ignorant or forgetful of the facts, we will briefly mention the vision of the Stockholm fire, partly because it is the most extraordinary and the best verified—partly because what was believed by the philosopher Kant on grounds thoroughly sifted by himself, may fairly defy the scepticism of less gifted minds. In July, 1759, Swedenborg landed at Gottenburg from England, and was invited to a gentleman's house in that city, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock Swedenborg went out, and, returning, after a short interval, pale and alarmed, informed the company that a dangerous fire had just broken out in a particular spot at Stockholm, that the home of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock he went out again, and announced on his return that the fire had been extinguished the third door from his own house. The Governor sent for the seer, inquired further details, all which Swedenborg satisfactorily supplied. On Monday evening, two days afterwards, a messenger arrived at Gottenburg—about three hundred miles, if we mistake not, from Stockholm—with a statement of the occurrence, not differing in the least degree from the account of Swedenborg. Of these extraordinary facts the advocates of Magnetism, or Sympathy, or Chance may offer what interpretation they please; all that we would insist upon here is the indisputability of the facts themselves, and the fresh confirmation which they receive from the careful statement of the evidence as set forth in the elaborate pages of Mr. White.

Our author has an entertaining chapter on the past history and the present condition of the Swedenborgian sect. He does not appear to hold in high esteem the graces of the "New Jerusalem." As for quarrelling and splitting, he thinks them unrivalled among sects; reverence is not their distinction; piety is not reckoned in the catalogue of their virtues. No great increase takes place in the number of their disciples, among whom, however, stand the not unfamiliar names of Sir Richard Malins, the Rev. Augustus Clissold, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, the munificent propagator of Swedenborg's works, and Hiram Powers, the great sculptor of America. Few, however, as are the professed disciples of this strange community, there are tendencies in their creed eminently adapted, we suspect, to some of the dominant feelings and growing opinions of our times. A religion that by its spiritualistic ideas flatters the superstition of a materialist age; by its rationalistic treatment of the Scriptures, and of such truths especially as the Resurrection and the Last Judgment, attracts the admirers of Bishop Colenso; while by the doctrine that "the love of trade is a heavenly affection," it wins the devotion of shopkeepers and mechanics, would seem to have a future before it. Should this be the case, we should have more reason than now to regret that so little of the lofty teaching and unselfish spirit of the founder should abide in the Church of his creation.



## REASONING POWER IN ANIMALS.\*

IN these days of "vivisection" and *cotelottes de cheval* one is disposed to welcome the appearance of any work which draws people's attention to the high qualities and real intelligence bestowed by Providence on the animal creation. As the mass of men gather more and more out of the country into towns, the more ignorant they necessarily become of the habits and capacities of many animals, simply because their opportunities of observation are so few or so unfavourable. Even in the case of horses and dogs, men bred or living in cities may grow up with the slightest possible knowledge of their ways. A Londoner considers himself fortunate if he can preserve a favourite terrier from the snares of a dog-stealer for more than a year; and even the most "horseily-inclined" gentleman, who would in the country pay frequent visits to his large and airy stable, and spend many an hour watching the tempers and genius of his horses and ponies, has slight inclinations or opportunities to gratify the same curiosity amid the bustle, odour, and publicity of a West-end "mews." For such persons, and many besides, Mr. Watson's book may do no inconsiderable service. If the somewhat abstract and philosophical title does not scare away readers who shrink from anything that even sounds "metaphysical," the "Reasoning Power of Animals" ought to become a popular little work. The best service, perhaps, that a reviewer can perform for the author is to let the public know that they need have no fear whatever of anything psychological or in any way philosophical in these pages. They will meet with none of the old laboured distinctions between "Reason" and "Instinct;" they will not have half a dozen dry chapters to establish why beasts have Memory and have not Consciousness; or have Recognition and yet not Memory, and so forth. The work before us is simply a book of anecdotes; all the best stories about animals have been carefully collected by Mr. Watson from the writings of Aristotle and Plutarch down to those of Mr. Jesse and Dr. Darwin, and are here narrated in a pleasant, easy style, that any child above ten years old can fully enter into and enjoy. Many of the anecdotes, especially those connected with elephants, are very old friends, with which we seem familiar from our infancy almost; others, again, are perhaps not quite equal to their subject; we might, for example, have expected from so good a naturalist as Mr. Watson a greater number of original and significant anecdotes concerning horses than are given us in this work. But, even as it is, it contains plenty to instruct, plenty to amuse, plenty, we would further hope, to induce higher ideas and softer feelings towards the lower orders of creation.

There are, we presume, very few intelligent thinkers in our day who would be disposed to disagree with Mr. Watson, "that the inferior animals have a portion of that reason which is possessed by man." Instinct is not peculiar to the former, nor is reasoning peculiar to the latter. Certain powers of reason are unquestionably denied to all animals but man. The faculties of framing abstract conceptions, of speaking by articulate language, of inheriting accumulated knowledge, of forming combinations of thought, above all, the consciousness of a spiritual or divine nature—such powers are obviously lacking almost as much in the elephant as in the sponge. But apart from these characteristic functions of the human mind, it would be difficult to mention a single capacity belonging to man's nature of which clear and unmistakable traces, more or less perfectly developed in accordance with the animal organism, are not to be found in the inferior creatures, proving the difference between these last and man to be one of degree only, and not of kind. Man has been said to be the only animal that makes use of tools; but what shall be said on that hypothesis of the elephant, that takes a branch upon his trunk to keep off the heat of the sun; or of the ape, that inserts a stone in an open oyster to prevent it from closing; or of the rat, that leads a blind brother with the aid of a stick; or of a spider, that puts a piece of wood into its web for the purpose of steadying it? Tools are simply the instruments for the adaptation of means to preconceived ends. No doubt there are the widest differences in the ingenuity, the complexity, the effectiveness of the instruments as invented and applied by animals and men; but it may fairly be affirmed that the intellectual power evidenced is the same in kind, though developed on a smaller area and within narrower limits by the various animals.

In a book of anecdotes, professing to establish a position respecting the capacities of the brute creation, everything must turn upon the degree of authority that is to be attached to the facts related. Mr. Watson, it must be said, never shrinks from giving the source from which his stories are derived, when it is known; and he has the wisdom also to exercise an independent judgment as to the inherent probability of facts that have too readily been accepted by others. We are glad to see that he has not the faith to swallow Southey's tale of the Irishman's dog, that had been bred so good a Catholic as always to refuse to touch a morsel of food on Friday! But that Mr. White's scepticism does not extend too far, is shown by his acceptance of another story, resting only on the evidence of the *Bristol Mercury*, with which we will close our notice of this pleasant little volume:—

"A dog in Bristol was accustomed to go to the butcher's for a pennyworth of meat on trust, the butcher scoring it up to him on a board with a piece of chalk; and on one occasion, observing the

butcher make two marks instead of one, he seized on an additional piece of meat, which he retained in spite of all the butcher's attempts to take it from him, and went off to his home with both pieces in his mouth."

## THE HEBREW BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.\*

CENTURIES ago, a monk was making a catalogue of the books contained in the library of his convent. Over the greater part of the volumes which came before him he lingered lovingly, but whenever, at distant intervals, he met with a Hebrew book, he dismissed it at once in utter disgust, condensing its record into the brief notice, "Here is yet another book beginning at the end." It is in a very different spirit to this that the work now before us has been composed. It is a catalogue of the Hebrew books contained in the British Museum, which form, we are assured on excellent authority, the largest Hebrew library in the world, and it has been compiled with a zealous industry deserving of the highest praise, by one of the most erudite Hebraists of the day. The Trustees of the British Museum may well be congratulated on having been able, without going beyond their immediate staff, to command the services of so thorough a scholar as Mr. Zedner, and thereby to secure the production of a work which reflects the greatest credit upon the resources of the noble institution over which they rule.

England has not of late years produced many distinguished Hebraists, but it can boast of the two finest collections of Hebrew books in the world. For a long time that of the Bodleian library was without a rival. A number of favourable circumstances had contributed to its pre-eminence. From the year 1659, in which it obtained the numerous works collected by the learned Selden, it continued increasing till at last, in 1829, it was enabled to surpass all its competitors by the incorporation of the collection formed by David Oppenheimer. That learned man, a Rabbi of Prague, made it the object of his life to gather together rich and rare specimens of Jewish literature; but as he lived under the Austrian rule, he feared to keep his treasures near him, and was obliged to allow them to accumulate at a distance. The collection flourished then at Hanover, and after its owner's death, which took place in 1735, it was removed to Hamburg. Eventually, after passing through many vicissitudes of fortune, it was secured in 1829 for the Bodleian. Thither also came De Rossi's fifteenth-century books, and, in 1851, the collection left, after his death, by Auerbach. Well might Steinschneider say that Oxford contained the first of all Hebrew libraries, at the time when he published the two ponderous volumes which are occupied by his singularly discursive catalogue of the contents of that collection.

Since that time, however, the accessions to the library of Hebrew books contained in the British Museum have been so numerous and so extensive, that it now surpasses that of the Bodleian in magnitude. We learn from the interesting preface, which Mr. Winter Jones, the Principal Librarian, has contributed to the present work, that Mr. Zedner has exerted himself as much in creating that branch of our national collection as in cataloguing it, having kept himself on the alert for years in order not to throw away any opportunity of making a valuable purchase, and having hunted out many a curiosity which lay hidden in obscure corners. The result is that the collection which he has now described consists of upwards of 10,100 bound volumes, comprising works in all branches of Hebrew and Rabbinical learning. And to this growth it has attained from a very small beginning. In 1759, when the Museum was first opened to the public, we are told, "the 'Editio Princeps' of the Talmud was the only Hebrew work it contained, and this was included in the Royal library presented to the Museum by King George II." About the same time, a Jewish merchant, named Solomon da Costa, who had come over to England from Holland, made a present to the Museum of 180 volumes, containing the most valuable works of Rabbinical literature. Nearly ninety years passed, and the collection still only mustered about 600 books. "In 1848, however, 4,420 volumes were purchased from the famous collection of Mr. H. J. Michael, of Hamburg." Since that time fresh acquisitions have constantly been made, the most recent being due to the purchase of a part of the Hebrew library formed by the late Joseph Almanzi, of Padua.

The catalogue comprises not only Hebrew books, but also translations of post-biblical Hebrew works, works in the Arabic, Spanish, German, and other languages printed with Hebrew characters, bibliographical works with special reference to post-biblical literature, catalogues of Hebrew works, and biographies of the authors of Hebrew works; so that it offers a complete key to all who wish to make the most of the treasures contained in our national collection. Of the nature of that collection some idea may be given by the following syllabus of its contents:—

	Vols.		Vols.
1. Bibles .....	1,260	8. Cabala .....	460
2. Commentaries on the Bible .....	510	9. Sermons .....	400
3. Talmud .....	730	10. Liturgies .....	1,200
4. Commentaries on the Talmud .....	700	11. Divine Philosophy .....	690
5. Codes of Law .....	1,260	12. Scientific Works .....	180
6. Decisions .....	520	13. Grammars and Dictionaries .....	450
7. Midrash .....	160	14. History and Geography .....	320
		15. Poetry and Criticisms .....	770

\* The Reasoning Power in Animals. By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A., M.R.S.L. London: Reeve & Co.

\* Catalogue of the Hebrew Books in the Library of the British Museum. Printed by Order of the Trustees.



Among these are thirty-eight books "of which no other copy, or only one or two other copies, are known to exist."

All catalogue-making is tedious and thankless work, so many difficulties present themselves during its course, so hard is it to respond to the requirements and satisfy the demands of different classes of students. But the compilation of a catalogue of Hebrew books is an especially troublesome task, one in which the compiler has to struggle with many obstacles, among which may be mentioned the fantastic, and often unmeaning, titles of works, and the fact that books are so often far better known by those titles than by the names of their authors. The poetic nature of an Eastern writer revolts against the prosaic realism of a Western title-page, and he delights in allowing even the exterior of his work to give an idea of the brilliant imagery which illumines its contents. But on the nature of those contents the title too often throws no light. We find, for instance, in the catalogue, four works by certain Isaacs, who have imbedded their names in the Biblical title of "Isaac's Well," the first of which is a volume of sermons, the second contains "Lessons for Sabbatical Reading," the third is a "Sub-commentary, or a Commentary on a Commentary on Aben Ezra;" and the fourth treats of ceremonies. Such titles are generally taken from Scripture, but they are often borrowed from other sources at the author's pleasure, as may be seen in the case of the three works entitled, "The Comet," one of which treats of geometry, the second is, "On Morals for Women," and the third is a commentary on the Talmud. Such commentaries, we may remark, are very numerous, more editions of them having been published during the last thirty years than during the previous three hundred, a singular fact, considering that the modern Jews are generally supposed to give less time to the study of the Talmud than was their wont in former days. Mr. Zedner has arranged the contents of his catalogue under the authors' names in alphabetical order; but in order to meet one of the difficulties to which we have referred, he has given at the end a copious index of titles of books. Another index gives a list of names, Jewish and Gentile, in Roman and Hebrew characters. A third contains a list of abbreviations the frequency of which is, to inexperienced scholars, so dire a cause of offence, as the uninitiated may imagine from the instance of the celebrated Maimonides, whose name, Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon, is never written out in full, but is represented by the initial letters R. M. B. M., forming the name by which he is generally referred to orally, and which may be written Rambam. The fourth and last index contains a list of places of printing, and is not without interest in itself. A new and improved edition has been lately published of Cotton's "Typographical Gazetteer," but there are numbers of them which are not to be found in it. Many of them convey very little idea to the ordinary ungeographical mind, such as Berdyczew, Hrubieszow, Ixar, Kuru Tshesme, Miedzyrecz, Sudzilkow, and Zytomierz. At some of the places mentioned in the list, only one book was printed, as for instance at Tunis and at Casal Maggiore; also at Pieve di Sacco, a spot which derives additional interest from the fact that the second Hebrew book was printed there, if not the first. This book, we are told, has been generally considered to be the second Hebrew book printed, the date of the colophon being nearly five months after that of the Commentary on the Pentateuch by Rabbi Solomon Ben Isaac, extant in Parma, and printed in the same year by Abraham Ben Garton, in Reggio, but De Rossi thinks it really is the first, for it is in four volumes, whereas the other is in one only; the probability, therefore, is, that it was commenced first. It is interesting to remark from the names contained in the list of printing-places, how widely-spread has been the flow of the Jewish race across the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, are all represented. Australia does not figure in the list at present, but it will probably do so at a future period, for wherever Jews congregate in any number, they usually set up a printing-press of their own. At present, Salonica, Leghorn, and Wilna appear to be the headquarters of Hebrew printing.

Among other points of interest illustrated in the present catalogue are the translations, the works in other languages printed in Hebrew characters, and those in *patois*. Of translations, numbers have existed from the early times, when the Jews translated the works of the Greek philosophers from the versions of them made by Arabic writers, to the present day, in which the Jewish periodicals abound with renderings of modern writers in all sorts of languages. Thus of works of imagination we find in this catalogue translations of Goethe's "Faust," of a selection from Schiller's and from Byron's poetry, and of Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," besides many others. Among the Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian Jews, there have been few writers who printed works in those languages in the Hebrew character; but works of a corresponding nature are rife among the Jews of Germany and the whole north of Europe, including Russia and Poland. The Spanish Jews have always represented the aristocracy of their race; the members, for instance, of the congregation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews in London holding very little intercourse in olden times with the German Jews, and until quite lately absolutely refusing to intermarry with them. Of books in the Judæo-German *patois*, the dreadful jargon which passes current over all the north and north-east of Europe, there are numerous specimens in the Museum Library, including no small number of novels and tales, such as translations of the "Arabian Nights," of "Sir Bevis of Southampton," and the like.

There are many other interesting subjects which the catalogue illustrates, as, for instance, that of the satirical productions circulated during the Feast of Purim, in which it is considered allowable

to jest upon subjects at all other times held sacred, and to parody writings even of the holiest character; but we have reached the limits of time and space, and all that is now left to us is to conclude with an expression of gratification at finding that in the branch of Hebrew literature, as well as in so many others, our national library stands specially prominent, and that its riches have been rendered available in so excellent a manner to the learned world, thanks to the wise liberality of the Trustees of the British Museum and the untiring industry and profound learning of Mr. Zedner.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Wild Elephant.* By Sir J. Emerson Tennent, Bart. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)—This small but interesting volume is a reprint with some additions of a few chapters in Sir J. E. Tennent's larger work on Ceylon. It is divided into two parts, which respectively treat of the habits of the elephant in a state of nature, and of his mode of capture and training. The first section contains three chapters describing the structure and functions of elephants, their habits when wild, and the science of shooting them. The concluding part, which is by far the more entertaining, describes the elephant corral, or trap into which the wild animal is driven to be tamed, and the treatment which the captive then undergoes. The last chapter, on training and conduct in captivity, brings a very agreeable and well written narrative to a conclusion.

*Emily's Choice.* By Maud Jeanne Franc. (London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston, Ludgate-hill.)—Mrs. Franc's novellette is all written with a view to "winning souls." If this can be done without arresting the attention, "Emily's Choice" may not have been written in vain. The story is exceedingly tame, dull, and commonplace, and though it is intended as "an Australian tale," there is nothing in its pages except the names of places to prevent the weak descriptive passages doing duty for any country on the earth. The false sentiment which runs through the entire volume is depressing and unhealthy.

*Domestic Medicine.* By Offley Bohun Shore. (Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo.)—"Domestic Medicine" is not intended as a substitute for a doctor, but only as a work of reference for the cure of simple ailments, or the steps to be immediately taken in dangerous maladies after sending for a medical man. The directions, as far as we can judge, are plain and sensible, and the diseases are alphabetically arranged to facilitate reference to the pages of a useful work.

*A Fox's Tale: a Sketch of the Hunting-field.* By the Author of "Salmo Salmar, Esq." (Day & Son.)—The writer, who lately got a salmon to relate a series of adventures, has procured a fox to run through several chapters of descriptive autobiography. The little book is cleverly and unaffectedly written, and contains as much information upon the habits of the animal as would swell into a pretentious volume.

We have received *The Essays of Elia*, a new edition, with a dedication and preface hitherto unpublished (Moxon & Co.);—*The Science of Spiritual Life*, by the Rev. J. Cooper (Alex. Strahan);—*The Railway, Banking, Mining, Insurance, and Commercial Almanac for 1867* (Office of the Railway Record);—and *The Preacher's Counsellor*, by Athanasie Coquerel, translated from the French by the Rev. R. A. Bertram (Elliot Stock).

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

HORACE WALPOLE wrote a work on "Royal and Noble Authors." The list of regal quill-drivers, however, is not a very long or illustrious one—at least, as far as this country is concerned. King Alfred translated Boethius "De Consolatione Philosophiæ"; but he was the only learned monarch of the Anglo-Saxon line. The early Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns were too intent on fighting to think about making books; and, though the first of the Tudors encouraged learned men, he did not himself contribute to the book-shelves. Henry VIII. "defended the Faith" which he afterwards upset, in a volume which earned the grateful commendations of the Pope; and his daughter Elizabeth wrote poetry which nobody now reads, except as a curiosity, however, and was certainly a learned woman after the fashion of those times. James V. of Scotland was a poet of some mark; and James VI. of Scotland and I. of England was a pedant, as we all know, great on the subjects of witches and tobacco, but not worth much as a literary producer. Whether Charles I. was a royal writer or not, must depend on the much-disputed question of the authorship of "Eikon Basilike"; but there appears to be no doubt that Charles II., with all his small wit, never put pen to paper in any literary sense. His bigoted brother was as little inclined to such exercises; and, from that time to this, the sceptre and the pen have in our country not been combined. The Queen, however, as we recently stated, is believed to be engaged on the production of a book; and the *Athenæum* thinks it probable that this book is a memoir of the Prince Consort, in which her Majesty is receiving the assistance of Mr. Helps. The preface to the collected speeches, published a few years ago, was believed to be from the Queen's own pen; and it is therefore not unlikely that from the same source we are to receive a life of the departed Prince. The *Scotsman* says:—"We believe we can give facts instead of conjecture in this matter. The book referred to is probably one entitled 'Leaves from my Journal in the Highlands,' written by her Majesty, and which has been circulated privately, but very sparingly, for half a year or more. Another work, on the sayings and doings of Prince Albert, principally written by General Grey, but prefaced by her Majesty, has been printed, but not yet circulated."

Mr. Sloman, the leader of the Australian expedition for inquiring into the murder of Luchardt, has died of apoplexy, and the enterprise will probably be abandoned. A skull, supposed to be that of Luchardt, has been discovered, and the Australian papers publish the



following native account of his death:—"A long time ago, two white men and a native were killed by the natives on the shore of a large lake. The natives first speared a horse, and then the white fellows went out to shoot some natives for doing so; and when coming upon a camp close by, one white man fired at them, but, the ball missing, the other man fired, and killed two. The natives afterwards, following to their camp, speared them while one was in the act of making a damper. They then covered the white men up with some bushes, taking most of their things, afterwards eating the two natives shot by the white fellows. They then killed the native belonging to the white men. These natives gave the names of three of the murderers. This information fully coincides with that gained from some other natives on a previous occasion; it was obtained through one of the explorer's party, who had been found trustworthy and truthful."

Mr. J. B. Shaw, writing to *Notes and Queries* on certain old uses of the word "jolly," apparently in the modern slang sense, says:—"The following curious paragraph appeared in the *Reader* some few months ago:—"Old usages of modern slang words turn up in unexpected quarters sometimes. Most of us think that the word "jolly," in the sense of *very, extremely*, is of recent date; but in a serious theological work of two hundred years ago, John Trapp's "Commentary on the Old and New Testament" (London, 1656-7), we read—"All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither." We have heard the same phrase from a schoolboy's mouth applied to a maiden aunt's tea-party. A century earlier," continues Mr. Shaw, "North, in his translation of Plutarch's 'Lives,' uses the word thus:—"It [the wind which some call *cycias*] bloweth a jolly cool wind." Langhorne (1810) more correctly renders the same Greek words (*ἡδιστος ἐπὶ πνεύμῃ*), 'blew a most agreeable gale.' In the above passages, is the word really used adverbially? In the following, from South—"He catches at an apple of Sodom, which, though it may entertain his eye with a florid, jolly white and red, yet," &c.—the term is used adjectively (*vide Johnson*). I am not aware that any lexicographer has given the word as an adverb." To these instances may be added a line from the "Taming of the Shrew" (Act III., sc. 2), where Katherine says to Petruchio,—

"'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom."

Here the word certainly seems to be used as an adverb, in the sense of "excessively."

With respect to the statement that the *Churchman's Family Magazine* is merged in the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine and Family Treasury*, Mr. Charles F. Adams, the proprietor of the former, writes to a contemporary, with whom, we believe, the mis-statement originated:—"Messrs. Houlston & Wright, after they had accepted the office of publishers of the *Churchman's Family Magazine*, and after making advances to purchase it, which I declined, chose to bring out a new Magazine that should be in direct rivalry with the *Churchman's Family Magazine*. This they had a perfect right to do (although all I have consulted with differ from me in this view), and I do not complain of it; but I do complain that they should not have been more original in their title, and that they should have thought proper to have adopted one so unjustifiably similar to the *Churchman's Family Magazine* both in sense and sound; for it cannot fail to be observed that they were not content to take two of the leading words of that title, but that they annex a second title to their first in order to drag in the third word of 'Family.' When Messrs. Houlston & Wright announced to me their intention of opposition, I had no alternative but to commit the publishing of the *Churchman's Family Magazine* to other hands—those of Mr. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row."

Mr. Thomas Gibbs, of Stratford-on-Avon, known for his association with Shakespearean relics, died a short time ago. The *Athenæum* records of him:—"He was the last surviving assistant of Thomas Sharp, of mulberry-tree notoriety; a person who has been suspected, but on insufficient evidence, of having sold a large number of supposititious relics as genuine portions of the tree. Sharp died in October, 1799, and made a solemn declaration on his deathbed that all the mulberry relics sold by him were genuine. The original of this affidavit was carefully treasured by old Gibbs, and, in compliance with his wish, it is now deposited in the local museum."

According to a report on primary education, just published in the *Moniteur*, it appears that the average number of men in France who were unable to sign their marriage register may be set down at 26 per cent., and of women rather more than 41 per cent. In some localities, however, the proportion is far higher, 67 per cent. among the men and 98 per cent. among the women. The *Débats*, commenting on this, says:—"These figures, though almost incredible, are nevertheless official, and they eloquently proclaim how much exertion is still necessary in order to remedy this state of intellectual and moral misery among a part of the population."

It is stated that Dr. Cumming has been blackballed at the Athenæum Club by a very large majority. The members, we suppose, do not like to be perpetually reminded of the dissolution of all things.

Mr. W. J. Thoms has been writing a series of papers in *Notes and Queries*, with a view to disproving that Hannah Lightfoot was ever married to George III., as Mr. Jesse, in his recently published work on the life of that monarch, asserts. Some of Mr. Thoms's statements carry great weight with them.

Mr. Moncre D. Conway delivered at the Royal Institution, on Friday, the 22nd ult., the birthday of Washington, a lecture on "New England."

Mr. Goldwin Smith, at the conclusion of his lecture on Pym, which he delivered at Guildford on Monday evening, made some remarks in reply to the venomous attack on him recently made by Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons. One of the best points in it was the reference to Milton as "Mr. Disraeli's great rival in epic poetry."

There has been a literary duel at Venice—not a "battle of books," but a real fight with swords, arising out of a quarrel on literary grounds. The meeting (according to a paragraph in the daily papers) took place last week, and the principals were Lieutenant-Colonel Manin and Professor Giuseppe Vollo. The duel was caused by a biography of Daniel Manin, written by Signor Vollo, in which the Colonel

found accusations injurious to the memory of his father. The encounter was terminated by a wound received by Signor Vollo in the right hand at the first assault; on which, the seconds, on the surgeon's declaration, refused to allow the combat to proceed.

"Artemus Ward," we are sorry to learn, still lies dangerously ill at Southampton. He has been visited by several literary friends—among them, by Mr. Bayard Taylor, the American author, who recently landed at Southampton from the United States. An unfavourable turn in his illness took place on Thursday, and we hear that no hope is entertained of his recovery.

A deputation from the Provincial Newspaper Society had an interview on Tuesday evening with Sir John Rolt, the Attorney-General, respecting the alterations in the law of libel, as suggested in the Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Bart., and Mr. Baines. After some discussion, Sir John Rolt promised to give the subject his early consideration, and to consult his colleagues as to the amount of support the Government would render to the measure now before Parliament.

M. Victor Cousin has left his collection of books, said to be of great value, to the Sorbonne, in the following clause:—"I bequeath to the Sorbonne my best work—my library." One of the philosopher's political sarcasms is repeated in Parisian houses. "You are a young fellow," he is reported to have said to a friend a few weeks ago; "take good advice, and save money. If not, you will prepare for yourself a dishonoured old age. If not, when your hairs are grey, you will have no alternative but an hospital or the Senate."

M. Garnier-Pages, who has been staying for some time at his villa of Canet, near Cannes, has just completed a work on the Executive Commission, which is to form a continuation of his "History of the Revolution of 1848."

The first part of the illustrated catalogue of the Paris International Exhibition, to be published in the *Art Journal*, will appear in the April number. It will consist of twenty-eight pages, in which are comprised engravings from the works of twenty-six of the leading manufacturers of Europe, among whom may be named Froment Meurice, Hunt & Roskell, Sy & Wagner (Berlin), Elkington, Harry Emanuel, Weise, Benson, Rudolphi, Odier, Christoffe (jewellers and goldsmiths of Paris or London), Copeland, Minton, the Imperial and Royal Manufactories of Dresden, and Berlin (porcelain), Durenne (cast-iron), Brecheux (fans), Servant, Charpentier (bronzes), Jackson & Graham, Gillows, Trollope (furniture), Dobson (glass). The number of engravings exceeds one hundred.

Under the title of *Eyes and No Eyes*—borrowed, apparently, from the excellent story by Dr. Aikin in "Evenings at Home"—the Rev. W. Tuckwell, M.A., of the Taunton College School, has just commenced what he describes as "a Magazine of Local and General Meteorology and Natural History." The first part bears date the 1st of March, and the issue will be monthly, price 3d. Correspondence and communications on every scientific subject are invited from naturalists throughout the kingdom. Lists of duplicate plants, insects, and eggs, will be inserted, questions answered, and specimens identified.

A new illustrated serial is announced by Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN, with the title of *Cassell's Magazine*. It will be published weekly, price one penny; and monthly (in an ornamental wrapper, with a frontispiece), price sixpence. Among the contributors to the first monthly part, Messrs. Cassell & Co. announce—Messrs. Dutton Cook, Tom Hood, John Hollingshead, John Oxenford, Godfrey Turner, Hain Friswell, Walter Thornbury, W. J. Prowse, Savile Clarke, J. C. Parkinson, Andrew Halliday, C. W. Quin, F.C.S., Thomas Archer, Richard Whiteing, The Author of "Grandmother's Money," Edward Copping, J. C. Brough, Moy Thomas, The Author of "No Church," Arthur Sketchley, and numerous others. Each weekly number will contain sixteen pages crown quarto, printed on toned paper, double columns, and with four or five original illustrations by eminent artists.

"Mademoiselle Mathilde" is the title of a new novel, in which Dr. Johnson and other literary celebrities of the same period will figure, to be commenced in the April number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This is a novel feature in old "Sylvanus Urban."

We hear that Mr. Lloyd, the well-known sportsman and naturalist, has a work in the press, which will be shortly published by Messrs. DAY & SON, upon the natural history of Sweden, more especially the game-birds and fish. The work will be profusely illustrated by drawings from the pencil of Mr. Wolf, and also by coloured lithographs, the production of a Swedish artist. The latter will certainly be a novelty to the English reading public.

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. are about to publish a collection of "Tracts for the Day," price sixpence each, edited by the Rev. Mr. Orby Shipley, a High Church writer, a second series of whose "Church and the World" is nearly ready.

Messrs. MACMILLAN will shortly issue the lecture on "Public School Education" recently delivered by Mr. F. W. Farrar, of Harrow School, at the Royal Institution.

The Archbishop of Westminster is editing the Bishop of Orleans' charge on "Atheism and the Social Peril," with a preface by himself on "Rationalism in England." This is to be published by Mr. BENTLEY.

The Dean of Chichester has just ready for publication his fifth volume of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," completing the pre-Reformation period. Later in the year, this will be followed by the sixth and seventh volumes, containing the lives of Archbishop Cranmer and Cardinal Pole.

Mr. BENTLEY announces the "Life of Mr. Eyre, late Governor of Jamaica," by Mr. Hamilton Hume. Also, Dr. Curtius's "History of Greece to the Peloponnesian War," translated by Mr. Ward, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT's new publications include a fourth edition of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "New America," which contains an additional illustration, representing one of the Shaker ladies; also, "Off the Line," a new story by Lady Charles Thynne; and "A Trip to the Tropics, being Notes of Travel in 1866," by the Marquis of Lorn.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

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